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THE CHURCH OF THE NEW AGE.

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THE letter of your committee, which invited me to address you, indicated a subject which they supposed would be of interest, — "The New Church; or, the Church of the New Age, in its Relations to, and its Bearings upon, the Cause of Liberal Christianity." Before entering upon such a theme, we must come to some understanding as to what we mean by a new Church, and what we mean by that form of thought or belief which deserves the name of Liberal Christianity.

I presume no one will doubt, in view of all that is taking place around us, and within us, too, that we are in one of those transition periods which are called eras, — a period, that is, when an old state of things is passing away; when old institutions have had their day, and are tumbling into ruins; when old beliefs have become stale, and, from being the vital substance of the tree of life, have become the outer bark and covering, to be pushed off and crumble away. It requires very little sense of any sort to apprehend the signs of dissolution, both in Church and State, the rumors of wars, and the earthquakes in divers places; but it does require a sense more finely touched to see the sign of the Son of man in heaven.

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It is a fair question, whether we have not done with churches of any sort. Why may we not suppose such a new dawning of the life of God in the soul of man, that every one will be priest and temple unto himself, and our common humanity the only Shechinah of the Lord? Why not have done with priests and ecclesiasticisms, since every man is to know God by the intuitions and inspirations of his own spiritual nature?

There are two plain answers to this. The more clear and full becomes the dawn of God in our common consciousness, the more shall we be impelled to worship, and the more completely must the social element enter into our worship; and any number of human beings organized for social worship gives you the definition of a Church. Old beliefs and institutions will not require a priesthood any longer to defend them. New ideas, starting up through the common heart, or passing from the new heavens into the common mind, will unquestionably make common men kings and priests unto God. All literature, art, and science will be the priesthood; and we ministers must be satisfied to see our function, if not abolished, yet mightily diffused, and the distinction between clergy and laity well-nigh done with. But churches must be, whatever becomes of the priesthood; organizations for social worship and communion, and the furtherance of the great ends of human brotherhood.

Yes, and for another reason,—for aggression upon old evils and errors. The signs do not indicate just yet that human nature is everywhere becoming the tabernacle of the Living God. And the new truth not less than the old must be embodied and armed with both spear and shield, if it would be a power in the world, and cleave down its ancient corruptions, instead of being cleft itself, and trampled into the dust beneath them. Called by whatever name, an organization which embodies religious ideas is a Church; and, the more compactly it is organized, the more living it will be, for the simple reason, that the more life it will give unto others as an efficient force to change the world, and re-form it from the ancient ruins.

There are three modes of apprehending Christianity.

There is the Christianity of the sects, with whom it has become fixed in the old effete forms of faith. With them, it has no future. All its life has run into dogmas which the synods have defined and settled. Then there is the new Theism, which regards all that is distinctive in Christianity as becoming obsolete, and as a thing of the past. It is not an absolute religion, but one of the superstitions of the world, — useful in its day, but outgrown by the new age. It has elements of truth, as had all the old superstitions. These will be preserved and taken up in the new *cultus*, when a universal religion will emerge out of the traditional beliefs, leaving behind Mosaism and Christism and Islamism and Brahminism and Buddhism, and all other isms, as its cast-off and abandoned shell.

I need not say that neither of these is *liberal Christianity*, as its fathers understood it, or as we must understand it, unless we mean a flagrant abuse of language. It meant with them a faith whose wealth and power were not only not expended, but which had but just begun to unfold. They held it as the absolute religion, whose truth the nations had as yet only seen in twilight, and whose ever-increasing glories would reveal the fact, that in it were gathered up all that was good and true in the old superstitions and philosophies. It would supersede them, but would be superseded by none other. So they held it. It was Christianity freed of the old fetters, — greater than the creeds, and melting them and transforming them in its unfolding light and love. To be a liberal Christian was to be free of the bondage of sect; the mind open and receptive towards all the undiscovered wealth of the gospel, which eighteen corrupt centuries had only partly found. It was to be liberal, both in faith and fellowship, but a Christian still.

If this be so, then the Church of the new age must be in the direct line of Christian development. It will not abolish Christianity, but will be its consummate flower and fruitage. It will not abolish Christianity, any more than the stems and the leaves and the fruitage abolish the root and the trunk out of which they are produced, and whence come the juices which diffuse themselves in leaf and blossom. The newest

Church will at the same time be the oldest; having all the centuries to rest upon, and all the divine revelations as its background.

Of course, the question now comes, what and where is this highest and latest Christian development, casting off the old corruptions, and constituting the catholic Christianity of a new age? We shall not find it, I am persuaded, by a lo here! or a lo there! There are sects which claim this consummation; but the very claim is sure to breed the self-conceit and arrogance which falsify all their pretensions. On the other hand, looking away from denominations and bodies of men, all of whom share more or less the littleness of schism, we cannot help distinguishing the *four* great currents of thought that are sweeping onward, each wearing deeper its own channel, each bearing its own systems and theories, which refuse more and more to blend with the other three. Our theologies are not of half so much consequence as our methods of theologizing. Our theories of religion are of vastly less importance than the life-current of thought that underlies them, and out of which they spring as the foam and the bubbles on the stream.

In distinguishing these four methods of theologizing, which characterize the systems of this day, and, indeed, of all days, I do not claim that the division is perfectly exhaustive. I think it nearly so. It is sufficiently so for our present purpose; and let us try to discriminate the marks and features of each.

It is plain enough that a man's theology is not something accidental and arbitrary. There is a philosophy of religion, which lies back of it, and a cosmology which is back of this even, which, if he did not think out himself, somebody else did for him.

I. The popular religion — what goes just now for orthodoxy — starts with a theory of creation which determines every article of its faith. It cogitates its creed in this way: There is a boundless region, which it calls infinite space. There is a series of ages, without beginning or end, which it calls eternity, which is simply infinite time. In this infinite

space, God dwelt through vast ages as the sole inhabitant. At length, tired of this boundless solitude and desolation, he rose in his might; sent forth a loud voice into the void; and, by a sudden divine magic, created the worlds out of nothing. Then the fields of space became peopled, and God was no longer alone. As he created the world, so he governs it, — not by laws which cannot be broken, but by perpetual prodigies. The system of nature is a grand machine, which was set going at the beginning; and the author reaches across now and then to stop or retard or hasten its wheels. These interferences are the miracles of the Jewish and Christian revelations. Hence heaven and hell are localities somewhere in this infinite space; hence the method after which all Christian doctrine must be cogitated. Since heaven is a *locale*, one can be let in or shut out by arbitrary conditions; somebody else can be my substitute, and bear the punishments which I deserved. Hence the resurrection, — not of the dead, but of dead bodies. Death turns us into spectres; and we remain such till we get our bodies from the graveyards, when we shall ascend, and bring up somewhere in the upper skies. Hence the punishments of hell, from which orthodoxy draws its pulpit machinery to convert the wicked; hence the orthodox eschatology, the second coming of Christ through space, and the destruction of the world in space. As it was made out of nothing, it can be burned up, or turned into nothing again. Every article of the creed, — the doctrine of Providence, the Holy Spirit passing from place to place, miracles, the atonement, retribution, the resurrection, and the destruction of the world, — all flow from the orthodox cosmogony, which determines its method of theologizing; and not only every article of the creed, but every conception of the believer about spiritual things.

It is very true, that this system is not always held unmixed and pure. Conceptions from other realms of thought get compounded with it; but, when they do, they always threaten its disintegration and destruction, and its converts have a sure instinct of it. For example: eliminate the heaven and hell which are conditioned, by the laws of space, and you imperil

the vicarious atonement ; or eliminate the latter, and you imperil the two former, — the machinery in the conversion of sinners. Or take away the resurrection of the flesh, and the orthodox eschatology, with its theatrical displays to an assembled universe, loses its substantial basis ; and, indeed, the whole system falls through the flooring, and disappears. Hence the tenacity with which every one of these is held and mortised into its place. The first chapters of Genesis must conform to it, though in defiance of all scientific discovery. The whole structure is mechanically seamed and jointed, and stands or falls together. Hence, too, the reason why this kind of theology admits of no progress, and must always be without a future. Whatever is put together mechanically must abide the laws of mechanism. It cannot grow from a principle of life within, like the palm-tree ; but stands like the Egyptian pyramids, holding the mummies in its bosom, looking just as they did in the times of the Pharaohs, and just as they will when the last trumpet blows.

This is the theology of religious naturalism, or the nature-world projected into the spiritual ; and, rightly enough, every thing in the system resolves itself into the divine sovereignty. Every thing takes place by strokes and jerks and jets of power ; from the sudden shout that called the world into being, through all the miracles and special providences that govern it, to the last trump that re-animates the corpses, and the last conflagration that turns the world into nothing again.

II. But we pass from this into a realm of thought altogether foreign to it, and speaking a new language, or the old language with new ideas, — one that denies the orthodox cosmogony that the world was made out of nothing, and asserts, in the place of it, that the universe is produced *continuously* from God himself. Please note and emphasize this word “continuously ;” for vast theories of man, nature, revelation, and immortality, are suspended upon it. Every thing comes from God by continuity, — that is, it comes without any change in its essential nature, and therefore without ceasing to be divine. Or to state the same thing in the language of him who founded this philosophy, or rather tricked it out with

new charms, "God is *immanent*, but never *transient*." He is life, and therefore he is motion, thought, feeling, extension. But this is all within himself, and he never passes out of or beyond himself. Thought and extension are not finite substances, but the infinite attributes of Deity. God alone is substance, and out of him nothing is. To say a thing is finite is to say it does not exist. The finite is a delusion, an appearance, an unveracious sham. The grand distinction in the divine nature is, the Deity as he is on the *thither* side of consciousness, the Deity as causal; and the Deity on the *hither* side, becoming conscious in man, and concrete and phenomenal in both man and nature. There is no consciousness in God on the thither side, in the Deity as causal, in God as he is above man and above nature; or, if there is, it does not answer to our consciousness any more than a terrestrial bear is like the Ursa Major of the stars. All thought, all consciousness, are God becoming phenomenal; and all nature is *Deus. extensus*, God extended and concrete. Hence there are no *final causes*. God never acts with design and motive, because intellect, the *νοῦς* or the *logos*, belongs not to God on the thither side, but to God on the hither side, as he has passed into ultimates, and become phenomenal. Hence I can know God immediately and certainly; for I am always conscious of him, or rather he is always self-conscious in me. Hence a new philosophy of divine and self love. Love of self, truly cogitated, is love of God; for it is God loving himself. Man's love to him, and his love to man, and man's self-love, are one and the same, — God loving himself. The problem of evil becomes easily solved. There is no evil: that is the whole of it. What seems so, in the subjective consciousness or in nature, is only *Deus extensus*, and therefore a form of good; being the rough concretion of the immanent and ever-becoming infinite.

You see that I have only been giving you choice bits out of Spinoza; but they are bits which re-appear in lofty systems, which revolutionize all our ways of thinking and theologizing. Starting with the fundamental postulate, that the world is created from God by continuity, all the old religious ideas

become transfigured with magic light, and the old empty tanks are filled and bursting with new wine. Theology sublimates into poetry, and poetry sublimates into celestial philosophy, at whose touch all partial and isolated facts are merged in a universal and absolute science of things.

Of course, to go into these matters would be to write a treatise; but let us reproduce Hegel's Christology, as it emerges and gets fairly enucleated in the pages of his follower and expounder, Christian Baur, — a Christology, by the way, which divides the greatest thinkers of the age into divers schools.

Hegel, too, denies the actual existence of the finite. It is really a phase of the infinite; otherwise, it is an apparition and a phantasm. He accepts the doctrine of the Trinity with all his heart. The Deity is tripersonal: first, God as he is in his abstract being; secondly, God becoming phenomenal in man and nature; and, thirdly, God returning back into himself. He believes in Christ as the God-man. He expounds the doctrine on this wise: There are three momenta by which we apprehend Christ, — first, Sensually, or after the flesh, when we only see him as a man like other men; secondly, By faith, when we see him as God incarnate, or a divine humanity; thirdly, When faith sublimates into an idea, and becomes knowledge. Then the historical and individual Christ dissolves, and merges in the universal; God becoming man ever and everywhere, when our human nature becomes the universal Christ and the divine humanity. Stepping up over these sublime terraces, from sense to faith, and from faith to knowledge, the whole field of Christian doctrine lies below, surveyed from the serene heights of speculative thought. Christ's atonement, death, resurrection, and ascension melt and dissolve away as individual facts, and turn into universal ideas.

"From the standpoint of speculative thought," — I now use the precise words, — "the incarnation of God is no single historical event once transpired, but an eternal determination of the essence of God; by means of which he becomes man in time, in every individual, so far as he is man from eternity. The limitation and sorrowful humiliation which Christ bore as

the God-man, God bears as man every single day. The atonement perfected by Christ is no time-accomplished fact, but God atoning himself with himself; and the resurrection and ascension of Christ are none other than the regress of the Spirit to itself and to its own truth. Christ as man, as God-man, is man generally, — not an individual, but all individuals.”* So, therefore, when you step up the third terrace, and emerge from faith into the Gnosis, historical Christianity exists no longer. Christianity swings clear of the earth, and sublimates in universal ideas. No matter whether the individual facts ever transpired: most of them did not, except to faith; and this ascended and universal religion never touched the ground.

It is a dispute with Hegelians, whether he held or should hold the doctrine of individual or personal immortality, or whether this, too, dissolves and expands in the upper ether of universal ideas. The death of Christ — and so all death — is the regress of the absolute Spirit back into its unconscious self to go the eternal round of new incarnations; becoming self-conscious only in man, and there only getting knowledge of itself. So that the later Hegelians, standing on the third terrace, where faith becomes knowledge, contemplate personal and individual annihilation as the moral sublime of self-sacrifice, and the only immortality which we ought to expect or desire: for thereby the gulf-stream of the Infinite sweeps us back to the pole of being we started from; or, as Schelling says, “The individual perishes in us; but the inward qualities which we possess re-enter into the grand whole of the eternal creation.”

Curious it is to observe, that there is nothing new under the sun, that the latest thought is also the oldest, and that which calls itself the most progressive is at the same time the most retrogressive. Brahminism started from exactly the same point, and made its circuit, and came home again on exactly the same tides. The world is produced *continuously* from God, is the fundamental idea of Brahminism. The Hegelian Trinity follows inevitably under different terminol-

* Baur's "Christliche Gnosis," pp. 714, 715.

ogy. Brahm is the infinite First, — God reposing in the eternal silences; Vishnu is God become phenomenal in the glorious cosmos; and Siva is death, the unceasing regress of God into himself. This ancient gospel, preached now in Latter-day pamphlets, — if we may borrow its rhetoric, as only worthy to express ideas so great, — is the infinite whole, coursing through all history, amid storm-splendors and caliginous imbroglis and seething vortices and maelstroms of spiral darkness, on its way towards the sphere-melodies, the cosmical harmonies, the supreme silences, and the empyrean calms.

III. We come now to a third realm of thought, that of *Dualism*, — that God made the world out of an eternally self-subsisting primitive matter, lying off in chaos outside of him, dark, evil, poisonous, disorderly. He mixed up this with his own ideas: hence the world, and the men and women that live in it. We have only time to classify this method; and this is all that is necessary. You find it, originally, in the *Timæus* of Plato. The Gnostics struck this mine; smelted and worked its ore into all conceivable shapes and combinations, which had lain fifteen centuries in dusty repose, till now it takes a new form in a system of ontology just published. In this latest form, the Church doctrine of the Trinity is reversed. The Holy Spirit is the first person. It forms a marriage-union with absolute evil and death; and the second person, the Father, is born of this union; and the third person, the Son, is born again of the Father from a like union. By another union still, with evil and death, the Son creates the universe. Such are the descending spheres of existence. Intellect, truth, is internal, belonging to the divine sphere; good is relatively external, coming from the death-sphere: therefore, man is internal, orderly, and vital; woman, external, disorderly, and destructive. Nature, being finite, external, comes from the death-sphere, therefore is not the analogue of angel-life, reflecting directly the attributes of God. It only shows God by complete inversion, and, like Hebrew, is to be read backward. The African race, belonging to the feminine sphere, are disorderly and destructive, and must be kept in bondage to the Circassian, which alone is progressive.

This latest form of dualism deserves to be studied as an attempt, with the most serious and praiseworthy intent, to reconstruct theology in a new intellectual system of the universe. The want is not in metaphysical ability, but in the untempered mortar, which leaves no two stones of the building coherent, and no department within it where one's head is safe for a single moment from a tumble-down. Having begun with an inversion in the divine nature, making its union with evil necessary to its "definite consciousness," it proceeds to turn humanity inside out, and nature upside down, and makes man, not the pure child of an infinite Father, but a cross between God and the Devil. As its categories cannot be conceived without conflict of thought, so they cannot be expressed without solecism of language and terms of self-contradiction. There are two spheres of absolute being, absolute and yet essentially related, — one of them absolute death, and yet eternally self-subsisting; one absolute life, yet depending upon the other for definite consciousness; both universal, yet each excluding the other; in absolute antagonism, yet joined in marriage-union. The Holy Spirit is without form and definite consciousness, at the same time, a *person*, *incarnated*, *embodied*, and *phenomenal*. God exists in three persons, while man, who is God's image, is in one person. Divinity, humanity, and nature, all being read backward, and turned inside out and upside down, the moral law is read backward and turned upside down by the same rule. The finer, interior, feminine element is made the exterior and lower one, and is antagonistic and destructive. The coarse, exterior, masculine element is made the interior and higher one, and is vital, — an inversion which legitimates the moral code of Richmond and Charleston that makes property of black men, and the code of Constantinople and Samarcand that makes property of women, without reference to color. The keys of dualism may fit all the wards of the universe; but they turn the bolts the wrong way, and convert the wards into Libby prisons and Bastiles.

IV. I have discriminated these three realms of thought, each with its own cosmology, because otherwise I should not

be half so well understood in what follows. We come now to a fourth starting with a different postulate, and thence shaping every article of faith in different receptacles and moulds.

Full thirty years before John wrote the Golden Proem, — assuming that he did write it, — Paul, in one of the highest moments of his inspiration, enounces what is called the Logos doctrine in the following words: —

“The Son is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of the whole creation; for by him are all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or lordships or principalities or powers; all things were created by him and for him: and he precedes all things, and by him all things stand together. For it pleased God that in him the whole Pleroma should dwell.”

John, thirty years afterwards, only re-affirmed what Paul had enounced and reiterated with vastly greater fullness. The Logos was in the beginning. It was with God, it was God. All things were made by it, and, what he meant to be emphatic, *without it nothing was made that was made*. This is not original with Paul or John, but was distinctly foreshadowed in the later Hebrew Scriptures, and dimly felt after, though not till now emerging to the clear splendor of a revelation.

Plainly they oppose two of the besetting heresies of all ages. There is no eternal evil matter; no *Hyle* out of which the world was shaped; nor is it a *continuous* flux and reflux of the Deity. The All-good flows not down unbroken, determined to no ends and with no final causes, coming to self-consciousness only in man, and having its first visible phasis in stars and planets, and boys and girls. A philosophy ghastly enough, because it shows the All-good without its Logos, therefore sunk in humanity, or swamped in the dumb forces of the universe. Between the All-good and nature is the divine intellect, which receives the divine life; makes it self-conscious; turns it to its ends; moulds it in endless forms of beneficence and beauty: so that all things created are its prints and copies, and instinct with mind. And “*design*” is traced on every planet that rolls, and every leaf that flutters; and all “things that are made” are displays of the Eternal

power and Godhead. Nature is not poisonous, but sweet and pure. All things consist or "stand together," being determined to one end; and so the divine Logos creates all things, and is in all things as the grand Nexus of the universe.

The Logos doctrine was elaborated in the Alexandrian school of theology for two centuries, from Pantænus to Athanasius, — a school which did nearly all the brain-work of the Church for three hundred years.

I must pass over this exceedingly interesting chapter, simply by stating conclusions to which some study of it has impelled me, and which, I believe, any one by the same study will abundantly verify. It is a school which did more for high and profound Christian thinking than all other schools together, ancient and modern; standing most nearly and directly in the line of apostolic succession; unfolding the Christian theology in the golden light of its morning hour, and before its first deep and plastic inspirations had become cold. They wrought with the finest subtilty of the Greek mind, but, at the same time, with an oriental grandeur of conception, quickened by the gospel in its first unsullied purity; and in both these, the subtle and the grand, they shame our creeping and clumsy occidentalism. It has been common with us Unitarians to charge them with Platonizing, — following Priestley, into whose slough of materialism no spiritual idea ever entered, without being straightway extinguished. That the Logos doctrine, as they received it and developed it, and on which the Church has lived ever since, is not Platonic, but Palestinian, has been shown by one of our ablest scholars (see "Christian Examiner," January, 1863), and at greater length by Dorner, in his magnificent work on the "Person of Christ." Moreover, there is one thing which distinguishes Platonism in all its forms, and separates it heaven-wide from the Alexandrian Church theology, and from all Church theologies. Platonism involves dualism ever and everywhere; from Plato to Philo, from Philo to Marcion, and from Marcion down to the latest ontology. Take out dualism, and it is no more Platonism; it is like taking Hamlet out of Hamlet. Now in the Chris-

tian theology, as it was unfolded by the Alexandrian Church, there is not the least smell of dualism: not so much as a breath from that fetid smoke ever passes over the brightness of its virgin beauty. The world is the pure creation of God, — not out of nothing, nor yet out of a primitive chaos, but out of his own Logos — the visible form and pulchritude of his own eternal essence. The Logos is born eternally of the Father, says Origen; that is, born all the while, just as man's reason is the living birth of his unfathomed love; or, to use the favorite metaphor of these fathers, just as the solar light is always born of the solar fire. The divine life always flows through this Logos which creates the worlds, creating them not once but all the while, and immanent in them, — a life within nature; a reason within man's reason; always mediating between God and his creatures; making the angels purer; making men into angels; turning even the fiends heavenward; making nature its fresh print and symbol; making itself the medium through which God sees the universe rise towards himself into nearer degrees of resemblance, for ever and ever.

The Logos doctrine drove Platonism clean out of its way, in all the Gnostic shapes which Platonism took on; just as the sun drives the vapors before his face, though changing them sometimes into gilded fog. It was opposed in turn by Arianism, which is not so much a system as a conglomerate of stupid and shapeless absurdities; inasmuch as it makes a finite being, who himself was made out of nothing, the creator of the cosmos; whose revolving glories of day and night, and even and morn, therefore, never reveal God to us, or lead us up to him, but only to a finite Demiurgus, — God remaining on the thither side of an impassable gulf, driven farther back into the unknown eternities than Greek or Jew ever conceived him to dwell. BEGOTTEN, BUT NOT MADE, was the simple formula which the ante-Nicene fathers applied to Christ, as opposed to Arianism; and, in so doing, they saved Christianity from a fatal relapse into Paganism, and made it give God to his universe, and his universe back to him.

We pass over the mediæval gulf, where the Logos doctrine

broke into Tritheism. It is curious to note, how, in our modern controversies and system-building, we do little more than repeat over and over, in coarser fashion, what the Greek mind, both with finer dialectics and more comprehensive grasp, brought out in endless variations of light and shade in the discussions of the first four centuries.

Directly in the line of development which joins the modern to the first Christian ages, I should place Emanuel Swedenborg. A competent and exhaustive criticism upon his works, clearing the permanent from the transient, the pure gold from the heaps of sand which embed it; his undoubted divine intuitions from private and personal mixtures of all sorts, — is an urgent desideratum. Almost any reader of his works, who reads as a rational believer, will find that they readily fall asunder into three parts, — that which is simply out of the sphere of reason, baseless and bizarre, and floating off into fantasy; that which comes colored and falsified from his *peculium*, and which was infested excessively with seething passions, as is shown in the confessions of his late-discovered diary; and that which broke upon his clear vision, as it rose out of these limitations, and opened above them. In this last category will be found some of the highest truths of Christianity, set forth with an order and universality never before apprehended by the Church theology.*

* In the first division here named, I think Swedenborg's discoveries of people in the moon and the planets and stars are to be ranged; and some of his memorable relations and visions, in which St. Paul and other worthies appear among lost spirits. The verdict of science is, thus far, that the moon is not inhabited or inhabitable; and, since Swedenborg's day, several new planets have been discovered, — all of which he uniformly skipped over in his celestial journeys, placing Saturn on the extreme verge of the planetary system. He found the patriarch David in hell; but, we believe, discovered afterwards that it was some other David. Probably he has discovered the same mistake, by this time, in regard to St. Paul. The illusions of modern spiritualism show abundance of like phenomena. Under the second head above made, Swedenborg's doctrine of the eternity of the hells, I have no doubt, is to be ranged, as having the coloring of his Lutheran theology. I have been accustomed to range his "Scortatory Love" in the same category, as strongly colored by Swedenborg's "*proprium*;" but a friend near me, of profound insight, assures me, that the most accomplished physiologists accord to Swedenborg in that book a knowledge of the darker mysteries of human nature, of depths below the deeps, — such as the most thorough science of man is alone competent to judge of. The new-discovered diary referred to is a fragment which came into the possession of Dr. Wilkinson, of London, entitled "Dreams." In this, Swedenborg, on the eve

What Swedenborg has done as a contribution to ontological and theological science, and which will remain when all his crudities and fantasies have cleared off, may be classified, I think, under four heads; and the time restricts me to a simple statement of them.

1. Such a re-affirmation and explication of the doctrine of the primitive Church, as clearly hypostatizes the Logos, and yet preserves the divine unity. The ante-Nicene fathers hovered all the while on the verge of ditheism, though none but the Arians went down grossly and heavily into it. They denied that the Logos was an attribute, a quality: they affirmed resolutely its *hypostasis*; and yet they did not conceive it as a person separate from the Father, in the modern sense of the word "person." What was it then? The question never gets a clear answer, even in the primitive Christian consciousness. It does in Swedenborg. An answer, too, not dogmatic, but posited on the essential principles of being, — though there is no time to explicate his doctrine here. The divine love and wisdom are not attributes, but co-essences; and so the divine nature is not bare unity, but an organism. The Logos is an hypostasis, in which God comes into full self-consciousness and personality, — a divine humanity above man or nature or angel. The old Church doctrine is re-affirmed to rational thought, — the Son begotten eternally of the Father, and the Holy Spirit an eternal procession from the Father and the Son, as the Latin Church has it; and the mazes of Tritheism, and the gulf of Pantheism, are both avoided.

2. The law that governs *degrees of existence* in the creation is evolved from the clearest ontological ground. Swedenborg affirms, as a fundamental postulate, that God creates the universe from himself. But it proceeds from him not by *continuous* but DISCRETE DEGREES. That is to say: Life flows

of his illumination, goes through the deepest agonies of repentance and conversion, and reminds us of the confessions of Augustine. It spoils him as an immaculate saint, or an uncolored medium of divine truth: it brings him vastly nearer to our hearts as a brother sinner and helper, tainted with our infirmities, and emerging out of them into a sweeter and broader humanity than the model saints ever arrive at.

ever from God to the utmost boundaries of being. But, when it flows beyond the self-conscious divine sphere, it ceases to be God, and becomes finite. It is not now *Deus extensus*, but substance *discreted* and *dirempted* from God, forming first a spiritual world below him, spread out on its own plane of phenomenal existence, reflecting the divine attributes and glories, but not itself divine.

As the divine life flows still farther on, it changes again, and becomes not spiritual substance, but material; spreading out, still lower down, this platform of existence which we call nature, — not a continuity of spiritual substance, but having its own laws of being, reflecting the light and beauty of a spiritual world, but not that world; separated from it, not by continuous degrees of more or less, but discrete degrees of kind. Paul had affirmed with emphasis the same thing. There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one thing, and the glory of the terrestrial is another thing. Matter is not spirit made gross, nor is spirit subtilized matter, nor are either of them the divine substance. So the tiers of existence ascend, rank above rank, even to the foot of the throne, — natural substance, spiritual, divine, each on its own plane of being, — not growing more spectral and attenuated, but more intensely real, as you ascend. Man is both natural and spiritual; and so his regress towards God, out of nature, is not into the infinite All where his individual being dissolves in Hegelian universals, but into a spirit-world where individual life is more plenary and bright than ever, — a world of form and substance, but not natural, nor under natural law.

"Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

3. Again: the *law of analogies* is re-affirmed by Swedenborg. He has not discovered it, but he gives it a new setting and philosophical import. Since the spirit-world is not created from nothing, nor from primitive chaos, but is an emanation from God himself; and since the nature-world is an

emanation from the spiritual still lower down, — each is imaged and represented, the higher in a lower, God in the spirit-world, and both God and the spirit-world in the natural. And so nature is the analogue of spirit, and points thither; and both nature and spirit are the analogue of the divine, and reflect its attributes and charms. Kant's notion, that we cannot reason from phenomena to noumena, is scouted as a heresy that shuts man up in darkness, and hides from him the key of knowledge. And Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, starting from the same Kantian absurdity and nonsense, which asserts that the finite cannot reveal the Infinite, and therefore that the whole business of theology is *regulative*, giving us words to say, and *pater nosters* to chatter, which have no rational contents in them verified to the reason, is shown to have its worthy application to apes and parrots, and not to rational men. Nature is the solid floor on which we ever stand, and from which we rise upward, — from the natural to the spiritual, and from the spiritual towards the divine; the higher always being revealed in the lower, and making it the print and mirror of itself.

4. Again: the law of influx has an essential place in Swedenborg's theology. Though the universe is not *Deus extensus*, God is still immanent in it as the inmost preserving life of all degrees of existence. He is not in us by his own essence, — that would make us gods, — but he is in us, and in all finite things, *by immediate influx from his essence*; and hence he is both transitive and immanent. Beneath all time-surfaces; beneath our own self-consciousness, — though never breaking into it to destroy our freedom, or swallow up our personality, — is this never-ceasing influent divine, guiding all things, subordinating evil, giving a unity to all history and all nature; the profound ocean-calm, whose inaudible ongoings underlie all our surface agitations and troubles, our hopes and our despairs, bearing the world onward through its crises and endless cycles, —

"The grønder sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know."*

* Swedenborg's doctrine of *mediate* influx we have not touched upon.

Thus, in God's egress out of himself, he creates all degrees of existence, from angel to mineral. In his regress back to himself, he does not abolish the finite, or merge the individual in the Infinite, but fills it with a more pulsing life and an intenser glow; keeping nature sweet and warm with its beams, mitigating evil, regenerating man, "washing the angels white along its road," and so giving the universe back to God.

In regard to the Divine Incarnation, the Word made flesh, Swedenborg elicits nothing new, and is not consistent with himself. He is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else. He reproduces in all its essential features the theory of Apollinaris, which denies to Christ a human soul, and makes his natural humanity an outward mask rather than an incarnation; so that Christ does not assume our whole nature, but only the outside appearance and shell. In the primitive theology, and under its immediate influence, this whole subject was developed with a power and a full-orbed completeness, not to be found in the great mystic, giving to the Christology of the Church a realism, a humane tenderness, a warm sympathy of Christ with man, a practical working, and a renewing and redemptive power, which Swedenborgianism has never had, and which, so long as it remains an "ism," I think, never can have.

What appear as Swedenborg's crudities and fantasies, however, are extraneous to his essential system, which has a unity of its own, and an organic connection with Christianity, such as avouches itself the genuine development of the Christian system. His cosmology, his theology, and his pneumatology are the Christian revelation breaking into more full and rational light from the seals of the letter which had kept and preserved it. Even his defective Christology—for such I must regard it—is readily supplied, and almost complements itself, from the principles of ontology, which lie farther towards the heart of his system. It is proof of his admirable catholicity, that the truth which flows into his more unconscious utterance transcends the formulas and definitions which he puts upon it, and that herein he is greater than Swedenborg.

But I must stop here : I indicate merely the three main currents of thought, which have channelled their way deeper and deeper, and in their future course, I am persuaded, will strive more and more to suck every craft into them. Dualism we may leave out of the account, as foreign to this age, and not capable of being galvanized into life. There remain to us *religious naturalism*, which admits of no development, and therefore will have no future : *Hegelianism*, which, following its prime principle and cosmogony, can have but one class of results, — the apotheosis of man ; the divine personality sunk in man, and swamped in the forces of nature ; and the Christian immortality exhaling, to the gossamer consistence of a ghostly dream, — a system having its development outside the Christian consciousness, and trending farther from it every hour : or, thirdly, *the Church Logos-doctrine*, starting with a totally different cosmogony, having its development within the Christian consciousness, as the focal centre of all its life and growth, bearing the Church onward with the vast wealth of ages in its bosom, never shoaled in the dead waters of religious naturalism, never sucked into the devouring jaws of Pantheism. Its course is not ended, — yea, will never end. It cleared dualism and Arianism out of the way ; and, at this moment, it is clearing the higher and more spiritual forms of orthodoxy, of Tritheism. By the Logos, made flesh in the Christ, it posits Christianity as the absolute religion, in harmony with nature, and complementing its light ; being the same Word that created nature, and out of which nature ever breaks into life and flower. Not that all mysteries are solved by it, or ever will be. For to pour light upon one subject is to bring others into contemplation, which before had not been within the reach of thought.

To resolve the mysteries of religion does not diminish their number. Divine revelation, and *because* it is divine, is an ever-unfolding series. When the telescope turns clouds of haze into suns and firmaments, other clouds of haze from the region of blank vacuity straightway swim into its field. If Christianity be what it claims to be, — absolute, its revelations, like nature's, will never end, but will always be fresh and new.

Liberal Christianity cannot be satisfied with its meagre Unitarian traditions, and remain liberal. It cannot develop outside the Christian consciousness, and remain Christian; nor on its extreme circumference, shading off into generalizations and mere rhetoric and word-magic, and thence into nothing. It must develop from within the Christian consciousness, and from its sun-bright centre, — having all the Christian ages behind it as its own, and authenticating its endless future. The Church of the new age evidently will not be less Christian, but a great deal more, — not a sect, but a Church catholic, losing no truth by the way, nor growing partial and one-sided, but bearing all the treasures of the past along. This very doctrine of influx would show, that its ingress is silent and unseen into art, into science, into theology, into politics, into philosophy; creating them all anew, and setting them in new relations, and in a higher and more comprehending unity.

SUCH a man as so wholly giveth himself up to God, and continueth standing in such resignation with his *will*, he will, in the end, when the grace moveth in him, find and *feel* what grace and divine love is. When the divine fire is kindled in his *life*, then he will feel and taste what Christ in him is, and find quickly how he is become another man of other thoughts and will.

This is a Christian, and worthy for the *communion of saints*, who is entered into this process, and converseth therein. And others who go out of custom, and account Christ's testament for an outwardly *imputed grace*, and as a work done believingly, appropriate it to himself, and will receive it as a gift, but will *not* be new-born, and be another man, of other thoughts and will, and keep the defiled cloak of sin in the *conscience* in him, and pass quickly again into the old footsteps. All these are unworthy and unfit and incapable of the testament, and receive it *only* unto judgment, as before is mentioned. — *Behmen*.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXIII.

"DER LETZTE MEINER TAGE."

Melody,— "Aus meines Herzens Grunde."

My day without a morrow
 Now cannot tarry long ;
 O, then all cries of sorrow
 Shall turn to praise and song.
 No further griefs annoy ;
 No trials spread out later ;
 My Lord and Mediator
 Then takes me to his joy.

Already on my vision
 There streams the higher light ;
 With ecstasy Elysian
 It fills and floods my sight.
 Then in my joy I see
 The angels are my brothers,
 More close than any others ;
 And praise God's majesty.

With garlands all unfading
 His goodness decks my brow ;
 His grace so richly aiding,
 I can do all things now.
 The sufferer's goal is won ;
 And he the chaplet twineth,
 In which the conqueror shineth
 Who in the fight holds on.

There stands the eternal dwelling
 Which God hath built on high ;
 And circled saints are telling
 The glory that is nigh.

There tears are wiped away ;
 There reigns perpetual gladness ;
 And each dark heart of sadness
 Is cheered with God's own ray.

What though, with faith unfeigned,
 With love that's true and fast,
 And earnest works unstained,
 I be in trouble cast ? —
 O Prince of Life to come !
 Within thy covenant hold me,
 Until the hour infold me,
 When Thou shalt call me home.

Let no black lamentation
 To earth drag down my sense.
 The longest life's duration
 Is soon departed hence.
 Hail to me ! Last of days
 Is quick with its last warning ;
 And then all cries of mourning
 Are turned to song and praise.

 XXIV.

"DER TAG AN DEM MEIN HEILAND SPRICHT."

Melody, — "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort !"

THE time when Christ the Lord shall say,
 "Come, mortals, to my Judgment-Day,"
 No trembling dread strikes through me.
 He who has called me of his sheep,
 Within whose death I fell asleep,
 Will speak his grace unto me.
 I can upon his promise rest,
 That with his face I shall be blest.
 I joy to think of that great time,
 When, glorified, to God's own clime
 My soul shall be admitted.

Hail to me, when, from sin set free,
 I shall with Christ for ever be,
 And for his presence fitted ;
 When I can with the ransomed throng
 Unite to raise a nobler song.

There, where my Lord in state attends,
 Dwells joy that every thought transcends
 And every raptured feeling.
 He who on earth such love had shown
 What holds he back, now on his throne,
 All treasured grace revealing ?
 From him flow forth our joy and peace,
 In endless fulness of increase.

N. L. F.

 CHARITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"MIRON" is the fable of a man who wishes to have a reputation for charity, and is at the same time unwilling to give. It is not an uncommon thing for rich Russian merchants, on stated days, and especially on festivals, to distribute money to the poor, who, on these occasions, fill the court-yard of the house. Miron is a millionaire, of whom it is said that he never gives a copeck to the poor: for the sake, therefore, of his good name, he announces that he will feed beggars every Saturday. Crowds flock to his gates, which are left wide open to receive the alms-seekers; and every one says, that, if this goes on, Miron will be eaten out of house and home. But, no: for, every Saturday, Miron lets loose in his yard a savage mastiff; and the beggars have not only to eat and satisfy themselves, but also to get away from the place without being bitten. In the mean while, Miron is accounted a saint. "It is impossible to admire his generosity too much," says the world; "but it is a pity he keeps such savage dogs: it is somewhat difficult to approach him, but he is ready to divide all he has with the poor."

"I have often observed," adds Kriloff, "that the palaces of the great are not easy of access; but it is always the fault of the dogs: the Mirones, themselves, are of course in no way to blame."
The Russians at Home.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER III.—CULTURE.

THE sudden approach of spring is one of the most remarkable facts of the climate of New England. Especially, after a cold and wet March and April, we often see a few days of hot sun in May transport one, as if by magic, from the frigid zone to the luxuriance of a tropical clime.

It was a week since my last visit to Morning Side. But what a change in the aspect of Nature! Instead of a wintry deadness all around, a tide of warm, joyful life was now flowing through every vein of the earth. The fields were putting on their coats of green, leaf-buds were bursting open on tree and bush, the peach and cherry were white with blossoms, the lilacs were beginning to assume their purple tint, the peonies were opening their eyes above the ground, insects were sporting on the wing, and the groves were vocal with the song of birds glad to revisit their last summer's haunts.

I never before had such an opportunity of observing this sudden transformation. It passed before my eyes like a miracle. The universality of teeming life astonished me. In by-places, near stone-walls, and under the brush, the ferns were pushing up their fresh growth, as if each had a story, which, in speechless eagerness, it was thrusting out its tongue to tell,—as probably it has, if only we have an ear to hear. What a story of a care which has kept safe in them the principle of life, and is now touching it anew with a creating power! Even last year's dying weed is not forgotten: I do not think it is certain that dying man is.

On my arrival at my neighbor's, late one afternoon, I found, to my surprise, quite a number of farmers assembled at his house. I learned that a proposal to lay out a new road had led to a consultation with Arthur Ashton, who was the surveyor of highways. There was a deal of earnest talk, not unmingled with some spicy words. For my part, I paid but little heed to the clatter of tongues about public convenience,

private sacrifice, town-tax, road-beds, and culverts ; and was not sorry when the meeting broke up, and left only Uncle Eph and myself with Arthur.

Mr. Ephraim Westgood corresponded to the description that had been given to me. I had several times been told, that, in the little red house at the foot of the hill, lived a man that would interest me ; but the purpose of my humble story does not permit me to dwell at any length upon the peculiarities of his person or manners.

Daily hard work on his farm, till now he was sixty-four years old, had given a crescent-like shape to his body ; and long, dark hair hung wildly over his thin, bony brow. A naturally robust and acute mind had received more culture from life than books, and had acquired the habit of the frankest and plainest utterance, which was generally followed by a sudden, chuckling laugh.

I always interpreted the laugh to mean that he wished to treat it as a joke, that such a man as he should have any fresh opinions of his own.

Referring to the meeting just held, Uncle Eph expressed his regret at the part taken by a townsman, who, as he said, "treated you, Mr. Arthur, rather short, and not as we all liked. Besides, I thought it a little strange, that, after he had given up the main matters, he should have been so set on a small point."

Arthur. — Oh ! it was nothing. He only got somewhat warm in the talk, but all the while meant well enough. The concessions claimed were only to protect an appearance of firmness. It is not uncommon, I believe, for complying men to stiffen to adamant for a straw, — like Pilate, you know, who gave up the innocent to be crucified, but would not change a letter of the inscription on the cross, — not he.

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, bad tools such men are in hands that know how to use them, which treat them as you would a large fish you have hooked : give him line enough in his first plunges, wait a little, and you are sure to pull him in.

Arthur. — After all, they do not give so much trouble as those who are obstinate in every thing.

Uncle Ephraim. — No ; but even they, too, may be slyly managed. It is not so hard to drive a pig, if only you know how.

Arthur. — Some one has written on the "Art of Living with One Another." Your illustrations justify that title, and I think most of us need to study the art more.

Uncle Ephraim. — You think, as I do, that men ought to manage better than the trees up in your woods, which have no power to keep themselves from throwing their boughs across each other ; and so they rub and creak and fret.

Arthur. — Our branches got pretty well entangled at the meeting, and it would not have been hard to have exploded in a quarrel. I sometimes think our natural propensity to contend seems unnecessarily strong.

Uncle Ephraim. — I don't know about that, Mr. Arthur. You have read more books than I have, and can tell us if there be animals that have instincts unsuited to the position in which they are placed.

Arthur. — I must turn against you your own illustration from the forest. We ought not to rub our branches so much together.

Uncle Ephraim. — Ah ! no doubt we do many foolish and wicked things. But you went farther than that, I think ; calling in question the right balance of things in our constitution. May we not expect sometime to see that our instinct to contend, as you called it, has been wisely proportioned ?

Neighbor. — Perhaps it is not too strong to resist our imitative tendencies, and to develop individuality. But for this, how much less should we define ourselves, and assert ourselves, and bring forth ourselves, or even be ourselves !

Arthur. — Yes, I think you are right. And then quarrels are not so senseless as the pretexts. The passion seeks the object, and oftentimes has some rational basis where the object seems ridiculous, as was the case with those two old Italian cities which doubtless had a long score to settle, although they pretended that the reason of their murderous strife was, that the artists of one represented the eyes of the dead Christ as open, instead of following the orthodox example of those of the other, who painted them as shut.

Moreover, we have seen the operation of this instinct only in the irregular action of the childhood of humanity. Could we observe its workings in more extended spaces, say eight or ten thousand years, we might see the wise adjustment of its power.

I think none of us have taken as much pains to understand our

nature as we have to vilify it. What a good lesson the preacher gave us, the other Sunday, on the duty of mutual forbearance! One affectionate and wise sermon like that, uttered in gentle words, amid the offices of prayer, to hundreds of people who every day have occasions that try their temper, seems to me to be something of an answer to much that is flippantly said about the inefficacy of public worship.

Uncle Ephraim. — Ah, well! Mr. Arthur, I have heard such things said myself; but, if the world improves so little under all its good lessons, I don't think it is certain that it would be any better without them.

Neighbor. — These objections of inefficacy look to me much like the complaints of children, who cannot believe that attendance at school will do them any good, especially in very poor schools, as is oftentimes the case. And yet, in the course of years, they do get something of an education, know how to read, at least, and secure the foundations which make a higher culture possible. It does not seem very unreasonable, that stated public worship, if for years observed with any kind of good intention, should do something analogous.

Arthur. — Perhaps much dissatisfaction with public worship arises from its contrast with our idea of what it ought to be. And it is something of a descent, certainly, from that conception down to churches and sermons as they are. But what does not suffer in a similar way? Our idea of the administration of justice is pure and lofty; but it is not much elevated, I believe, by any acquaintance with courts and juries and constables. Our conception of the government of a nation is of a function one of the highest and noblest committed to man; but how much does it descend from its lofty height by the least knowledge of cabinets and politicians? In all these cases the *idea* is divine, the *realization* of it is human, with human infirmities and short-comings, which yet do not destroy the usefulness, nor disprove the indispensableness, of such outward appointments as our average human nature can supply.

Uncle Ephraim. — I remember, when I was a boy, what a long row of singers there was front of the pulpit, — twenty or thirty of them, — and how my heart used to go pit-a-pat, when they all rose up, and sounded the pitch of the tune. There was no music they made afterwards that quite equalled the excitement of that moment, — less the fault of the singers, I suppose, than of my expectations. I have often thought since, that our fancy needed a right pitch as well as the tune.

Arthur. — At any rate, you did not utter sharp censures, and refuse to hear any more psalm-singing. Well, I think there is some wisdom and humility in being willing to take things as they are, and make the best of them; nor, as it seems to me, is there always either humility or wisdom in indulging in a criticism of quite too fine an edge for any useful result.

But why, in considering this subject, should the preacher be chiefly in our thoughts? To a right-minded man, there is something about public worship far better than all preaching, even the best. It is in the very air of the holy day; in the refining influence of those personal attentions which the humblest do not neglect; in going to a place hallowed by sacred thoughts; in the meeting-together of the rich and the poor, where they are most likely to feel that the Lord is the Maker of them all; in the remembrance of those who once worshipped at our side, but who are now sitting in heavenly places; and in those words of Scripture and songs of Zion, which, I imagine, will echo longer in our memories than the sentences of the most eloquent sermon.

Uncle Ephraim. — For all that, Mr. Arthur, I like snuff in the sermon, as the man said, when the minister told him that he should take a pinch to keep him awake through the homily.

Arthur. — As every one does, Uncle Ephraim; but eloquence is a rarer gift than poetry. Of a thousand lawyers, how many will make eloquent pleaders? Some men I talk with have fears on this subject; but, for my part, I do not believe we shall let slip the blessings of public worship because we cannot have them minister, sensationally, to a love of novelty, or to some financial result, and are accompanied only by such homely things as good sense and a gentle and reverent spirit.

Neighbor. — Our fathers were of your way of thinking. What large, trusting hearts they must have had! To cut religion adrift from all alliance with State Government and venerable establishments; and in a new world, thousands of miles from the home of historical monuments and traditions, to trust its support only to the affections of the people,—this seems to me to have been the greatest act of faith in its inherent power since the Reformation.

Arthur. — Yes, indeed, neighbor: it was a bold and brave step.

Uncle Ephraim. — But we have found it hard sledding ever since. Perhaps our religious like our political organization is fitted only for a better people than we are,—too good a scythe to swing in such a rocky field.

Arthur. — But, Uncle Ephraim, there has been hard sledding everywhere; nor do I think it has yet been proved that the field is too rocky for the scythe. The forms of worship may be changing, and there may be varying degrees of interest in them while passing from one form to another; but who can doubt what is to be the result in the long-run? We can little foresee all that will be on these hillsides of New England five hundred years hence; but some things we may be sure will be here, — the meeting for worship, the gentle words of prayer, and the sweet notes of praise. God has put the yearning for these things in the human heart, and it has already staid fast there five or six thousand years.

Uncle Ephraim. — If we did not have this institution of public worship, and a man should invent it, and fit our natures to it, he would be the greatest benefactor among men. But I think that acts of duty are worship also; and, if they be performed with thoughtful pains-taking, do they not partake something of the nature of meditation and prayer?

Arthur. — Yes, Uncle Ephraim; and you know who said that they are better than sacrifice. I never read his Sermon and sayings, without feeling how sharp is the contrast he makes between a ritual religion and practical goodness. Perhaps the stress he lays upon the latter is to be explained, in part, by his re-action against the formalism in the midst of which he lived, and by his knowledge of the strength of those principles in our nature which exalt ritual observances. And how has the history of the world since proved the correctness of his knowledge of what was in man! How comparatively easy it has been to drill men into ceremonialism, through their facility in taking impressions from outward objects rather than from reason! and everywhere the stream of a formalistic piety has attracted more attention, the narrower the channel in which it has flowed.

To say nothing of different Protestant sects, which illustrate this fact, we see that the Roman Catholics are apparently more devout than Protestants, the Mahometans more devout than the Roman Catholics, and the Hindoos more devout than the Mahometans. But who of us can doubt, that, in every complete view of duty, acts of worship and acts of practical goodness must both be included?

Uncle Ephraim. — And who can state the relation between them better than in the words of that authority you just now quoted: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone"?

Arthur. — After all this dissatisfaction with sermons and churches and sects, of which we have been speaking, I don't know that we would have it different. From all this murmuring and conflict, there comes to our minds an ideal Church which is our New Jerusalem. If we love that, and are faithful to it, can we have a better hierarchy? This question came to my mind in reading some lines called "The Lost Church," by the German poet, Uhland, lately deceased. I dare say, neighbor, you have often met them in a translation not rare. I will read them aloud now, in a form * you have probably not seen; and so you can take your choice. Meanwhile, I shall not be offended if Uncle Ephraim falls asleep.

THE LOST CHURCH.

Oft in the forest fair, one hears
 A passing sound of distant bells;
 Nor legend old nor human wit
 Can tell us whence the music swells:
 From the Lost Church, 'tis thought, that soft,
 Faint ringing cometh on the wind;
 Once many pilgrims trod the path,
 But no one now the way can find.

Not long since, deep into the wood
 I strayed, where path was none to see;
 Weary of human wickedness,
 My heart to God yearned lovingly:
 There through the silent wilderness
 Again I heard the sweet bells stealing,
 Ever as higher yearned my heart,
 The nearer and the louder pealing.

My spirit was so self indrawn,
 My sense with sweetness rapt so high,
 That how those sounds within me wrought
 Remaineth yet a mystery.
 It seemed as if a hundred years
 Had lapsed while thus I had been dreaming;
 When, lo! above the clouds, a space
 Free opened out in sunshine gleaming.

Upon the heaven so darkly blue,
 The sun so full and glowing bright,
 There rose a MINSTER's stately pile
 Expanding in the golden light.

* From Lord Lindsay's Lectures on Christian Art.

The clouds there seemed resplendently
 Like wings to bear it up away;
 And, in the blessed depth of heaven,
 Its spiry top to melt away.

The bells' delicious harmony
 Down from the tower in quivering flowed;
 Yet drew not hand of man the strings, —
 They moved but to the breath of God.
 As if upon my throbbing heart
 That self-same breath its influence shed,
 So entered I that minster high
 With timorous joy and faltering tread.

Words cannot paint what there within
 Awoke my spirit's ecstasies;
 The darkly brilliant windows glowed
 With martyrs' pious effigies:
 Into a new and living world,
 Rich imaged forth, I gazed abroad, —
 A world of holy women, and
 Of warriors of the host of God.

Down at the altar low I knelt,
 Thrilling with awe and holy love:
 Heaven and its glorious mysteries
 Were pictured on the vault above.
 But, when again my eyes looked up,
 Roof, arch, and pictured vault were gone;
 Full opened was the door of heaven,
 And every veil had been withdrawn.

What then, in silent prayerful awe,
 Of majesty I saw revealed,
 What heard of sound more blissful far
 Than aught to human ear unsealed,
 Lies not within the weight of words;
 Yet whoso longeth for such good,
 Let him take heed unto the bells
 That ring in whispers through the wood.

I had never met those lines before, and was pleased alike with their suggestive wisdom, and with the use to which Arthur applied them. Before he got near through the reading, Uncle Eph had availed himself of the half-permission given to him, and was perhaps having as good a vision as the poet describes. I felt a little uneasy as to the

awkwardness of his awaking. But it was quite unnecessary. The cessation of Arthur's voice roused him immediately; and, after some conversation between them, about an exchange of teams for ploughing next day, Uncle Eph and I withdrew.

After I went to bed that night, it was some time before I fell asleep. The chimes of Arthur's musical and moving voice, as he read the poetry, were still ringing in my ears; and I long thought of those sweet bells, and of their mystic meaning.

(To be continued.)

BALAAM'S ASS SPEAKING.

A SERMON PREACHED IN SCITUATE, JAN. 17, 1791, BY THE
REV. DR. BARNES.

TO THE EDITORS: Many years ago, the Rev. Samuel Deane, successor of Dr. Barnes, gave me, as a relic, the manuscript of the sermon above named. Thinking it might interest your readers, not only by its intrinsic merit, but as a specimen of the preaching of a somewhat eccentric but eminent divine of the Old Colony, three-quarters of a century ago, I have transcribed it for your Magazine. The subject gives occasion to the preacher for some striking, and always timely, observations on "Cruelty to animals," and also for some ingenious speculations on the "Immortality of brutes." The whole sermon will well repay perusal.

Dr. Barnes had a ministry of unusual length, extending from 1754 to 1811, when Mr. Deane became his colleague, — a period of fifty-seven years. "His ministry," says Mr. Deane in his History of Scituate, "continued in a good degree of quiet from the troubles of religious dissensions almost to the last. A short time before his death, however, the spirit of fault-finding began to move, and a stricter mode of Calvinism began to call for a separation, but had produced no great effect during his life. He was remarkable for his meekness in instructing those that opposed; and by parables, rather than direct argument, he was accustomed to converse with such. A neighbor, who was a Calvinist of the *straitest sect*, having frequently spent long sittings with Dr. Barnes, was finally answered in the following manner: 'You, sir, are a gentleman to whom the public feels and acknowledges much obligation for your mechanical skill and inventions. Now, we will suppose that your powers should be so far increased that you could make intelligent beings, and that you should produce thousands each day, formed with all the endowments of the human race. Then suppose that your neighbors should inquire what destination you proposed for these beings; and you should reply that you had also prepared a place of torment, to which you proposed to condemn the greater part; not for any personal offence against you, but because you had made them for that end; and that the remaining few you had destined, in the same arbitrary manner, to another place of perfect happiness, which you had also prepared.* Now, sir, suppose that your neighbors were furnished with the common sense of mankind concerning

justice and goodness, *would they not knock your shop down, and say that such a wicked trade should not go on?*

"Perhaps no preacher has lived, who treated his audience with a greater variety; which circumstance gave fault-finders an occasion to accuse him of not being evangelical: but, although evangelical subjects were his favorites, he was too much a man of genius to be confined to a narrow round of topics, and too much a man of piety to touch any subject without leading the mind to important lessons in religion. He preached, for example, 'On the east wind;' 'On the lightning;' 'On making salt;' 'On bees;' 'On the basket of summer fruits.' Dr. Barnes seldom exchanged. His maxim was, that 'a minister's stock is of that nature, that the more he uses, the more he has left.' In giving the charge to his successor, he gave this quaint but judicious advice: 'In attempting to instruct your people, be careful not to preach what they will not understand, and especially careful not to preach what you don't understand yourself.' Somewhat different from the maxim of a friend of mine, who said, 'As often as once a year, be sure to preach a sermon that nobody will understand: it's the only way of satisfying them that you know more than they do.'

"He used to work in his fields for health. At one period of his life, he was a great walker, and, indeed, *took a fancy to run*, and would continue it, at a moderate pace, for miles!"

He was in the habit, his admiring successor tells us, of speaking very familiarly of his own death; which some attributed to a want of sensibility: but it was, in reality, the resignation of Christian faith. He never sighed, "*Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos;*" but, with onward look, he would often say, that, were it not the fixed design of Providence that nothing should go back, it would be his voluntary choice to go forward, and to see for himself what is to come in other modes of existence.

J. W. T.

JAMAICA PLAIN, NOV. 28. 1864.

2 PETER ii. 16: "The dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet."

THE story from whence these words are taken, is found in the twenty-second chapter of Numbers. Balaam is the prophet of whom the apostle speaks. And it is true he was endowed with the spirit of prophecy. He uttered some things which have always been supposed to relate to the Messiah. *There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.* Some other passages there are of the like tenor.

While the children of Israel were travelling the wilderness, they had many difficulties to encounter, and enemies to contend with. As the hand of Heaven appeared to be with them, their enemies were sorely dismayed whenever they made their appearance. Balak, King of Moab, in particular, was under great apprehensions, and sent for Balaam to come and curse the Israelites. He supposed the prophet's influ-

ence would have a great effect. As it was in Balak's power to do great things for Balaam, and he was very liberal in his promises, Balaam's heart inclined him to go. At the same time, he did not wish to counteract the will of Heaven. It was by no means agreeable to the God of Israel that his prophet should curse his own people. Balaam was forbid going, though afterwards he obtained a permission. But it seems he went not forth with Heaven on his side, and was stopped by the way, — in what manner I shall now read: chap. xii. 22, "And God's anger was kindled because he went. And the angel of the Lord stood in the way as he went." You see what it was that opened the mouth of the ass, and in what manner he rebuked the madness of the prophet. The ass acted more prudently than the master; but so it happened, that, for saving his master's life, he was cruelly beaten. That Balaam might be convinced of his folly and wickedness, the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, who rebuked the madness of the prophet in such a manner that he confessed his fault, though it doth not appear that he ever reformed his life. He will probably be found hereafter among those who will cry, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" &c. : to whom the Lord will reply, "I never knew you; depart from me," &c.

In further discoursing, I mean to make a few observations on this remarkable event, as extraordinary perhaps as any we meet with in the sacred volume, and then make some useful inferences from it, as it stands connected with the context.

The enemies of revelation have not failed to ridicule this story as being both foolish and incredible. I do not say that the like has been known or heard of in ancient or modern times. The animal creation, however abused and distressed, have never been able to make their complaints as Balaam's ass did. It might be happy for them in many instances if they could. But such is their humble station, that they are in general obliged to bear what is laid upon them by their masters, more cruel and mad than the prophet. That there is any thing impossible or absolutely incredible in this event,

is what no one will affirm. To give speech to the animal creation is certainly possible with Him who gave this faculty to man. He might have given it to all the brutal race, in the beginning, if he had thought proper. If he had done it, it might have prevented much abuse ; but then they would never have been subject to man in the manner they now are. If they had had speech, and could have made known their grievances, they would soon have united in some mode of obtaining redress. United and pursuing some well-concerted plan for obtaining relief, considering their numbers and strength, they would soon have been too hard for man : they would not have answered the purposes for which they were made. It does not appear that any one heard what passed between the prophet, and the beast on which he rode ; but as the story reflects disgrace on the master, and not on the beast, we can conceive of no good reason why he should report such a story if it had not been true. Prudence would have directed him to conceal it, at least some parts of it. This story he undoubtedly told ; for no historian would think of inventing a tale of this kind, had it not been true. A person wont to report stories of this kind not well-authenticated would soon render himself ridiculous, and no one would pay any credit to what he said. Nothing appears but that this story obtained credit among the Jews : if it had not, it would not have obtained a place in their sacred writings. Our not being able to conceive how such a thing could be done, and the like not happening before or since that we know of, is no sufficient objection against the truth of it, unless we deny the possibility of miracles. If we should go so far as to do this, we shall do more than we can ever prove. Who dare undertake to determine what the Divine Being can do, and what he cannot do, where no contradiction or weakness is implied ? That he cannot do wrong, is what we may boldly affirm ; that he can do nothing that is dishonorable to himself, we readily acknowledge. But that he is unable to make a beast speak with man's voice, is what no modest man will affirm. There is nothing dishonorable in this matter : the ass spoke to some purpose, and the prophet

was stopped in his mad career. The strangeness of the event must have deeply affected his mind, more so than if the same thing had been said by men or by angels. In what other way the Divine Being could have accomplished his purpose, is not for us to say. Balaam lived in the days of miracles. Hardly a day passed without some uncommon appearance. Miracles answered many good purposes. There is not the same occasion for them at this day. The age is enlightened. Revelation is completed, and the knowledge of men gained in the ordinary way is sufficient. If we consult pagan writers, we shall find that it was not thought incredible that beasts should speak with the voice and after the manner of men. It would be tedious mentioning instances of this kind. What they ascribed to their deities, we may with safety ascribe to Him who is possessed of power unlimited.

Supposing the fact to be true, we are now to show what we are to learn from it.

I. We learn the mighty power of God. He alone could be the author of this event. Beasts may be taught to do many things. Some of them discover a surprising degree of sagacity and a tractable spirit. They have done things that have been truly wonderful. But none were ever found to speak and reason with man's voice and man's understanding as the ass did. The like has never been heard of, and it is presumed never will be. The idle stories of this kind among the pagans, invented to serve particular purposes, deserve no credit. Man's voice or speech is one great thing that distinguishes him from the lower creation. This distinction early appeared, and is as great now as it was in the beginning. If the intelligent creation go forward or make improvements, as in many instances it is certain they do, yet the same cannot be said of those orders of beings beneath us. They are no wiser now than they were a thousand years ago; nor do they make any advances in the art of speaking. Language they have suitable to their condition: it is well understood, and answers many valuable purposes; but it is the same in all, and does not seem to admit of any improvement. Language among the human kind is continually altering. It has

never been brought to perfection, and perhaps never will be. From the defects in language, many evils arise. If mankind could perfectly understand one another, I suppose they would appear to think much more alike than they do at present. Many of the most unhappy consequences there have been in the world have been merely about words; and, not being able to convey their ideas with precision, they have treated each other with barbarity and cruelty.

II. We learn the unhappy consequences of violent passion.

Balaam is said to be mad. The dumb ass, speaking, forbade the madness of the prophet. From whence originated his madness? From passion: men may be as drunk with passion as with spirituous liquors. And when mad with rage, fury, or anger, they can see nothing clearly; and it is quite uncertain what part they will act. To say the least, there is great danger of their stepping aside. It is not often that any thing is well said or done while the mind is infuriated with passion. Of all the passions, anger perhaps is apt to be the most violent. Many have done such things in anger, as they have repented of when they have recovered their reason. All are not alike subject to passion. Some are always bordering upon frenzy: others are seldom moved, and hardly know how to resent an insult when offered to them. Strong passions in a well-regulated mind are eminently serviceable. Take away the passions, and mankind would become, I acknowledge, a harmless set of creatures; but, at the same time, they would be useless. Passions are justly styled the gales of life, and nothing can be well done without them. Mankind never act well but when their passions are engaged. Strong minds have generally strong passions. I am sensible this does not always appear, because they have understanding to govern them. Weak minds often appear to have violent passions; and the reason is, they have them not under command. Isocrates, the famous philosopher in Greece, was supposed to be destitute of passion; but, upon further acquaintance, the contrary was found to be true. He had learned to keep them under due restraint. If men would see how they look, and how they act, when passion

predominates, they certainly would take more pains to govern them. Christianity teaches us how to do this, and at the same time how to use them. Balaam had nearly lost his life by his intemperate anger and insatiate avarice. Passion has brought many to an untimely end. It is difficult having any thing to do with such as have no command of themselves. It behooves us not to say we cannot hinder their running to excess. Balaam was to blame, and confesses his sin; and so are others when they are led astray by them. It behooves such as are in danger to be always on their guard. Passions are strengthened, like every thing else, by exercise. For this reason, children should be treated with mildness; and their passions, as far as well can be, kept from being ruffled. There is no danger but they will increase fast enough without provocation. Children, who are kept always in a fret or uneasy, in all probability will suffer for it as long as they live. To give rules to prevent the excess of passion is beside my present purpose. If I should, the probability is they would not be much regarded by such as need them most. It is by suffering, and in consequence of them, mankind learn to restrain them. Some suffer in one way, and some in another. One thing is certain, that, where there is excess, there is pain; and it is pain that principally prevents excess. Some evils are not to be wholly cured. Violent passions are seldom held in such subjection as they ought to be. Some, I am sensible, are to be pitied. They to appearance labor hard to restrain them, but are overcome. Some have but little trouble in this way. Such as take no pains are commonly a torment to others, but a greater to themselves. Let us be careful that we do not allow that in ourselves which we freely condemn in others.

Once more, we learn the wisdom and goodness of God in stopping sinful men in their sinful course sorely against their inclination. Balaam was in a sinful way. He meant to curse the people of God, if he could get a permit, induced hereto by the love of gain. Balak would hardly have begrudged any price if he could have brought him to accomplish his purpose. Balaam knew this. He loved the wages

of unrighteousness, and was not difficult about the means of acquiring wealth. He appears to be under some restraints. He was not wholly abandoned; at the same time he was very far from being good. He was stopped in his course before he reached the place of destination. The resistance he met with soon put him upon consideration for a moment; and though it did not reform him, yet it prevented him from proceeding to such length as he otherwise might. Sinners are often stopped sorely against their wills. He that has set bounds to the sea, saying, "Hitherto shall your proud waves come and no farther," hath set bounds to the passions of men. He lays wicked men under such restraints as that they are not always able to execute their purposes. We all know that the wickedness of men is great in the earth; but how much greater it would be if they were under no restraints, is impossible to say. It is not often that either nations or individuals, who have gone any time in a wrong way, ever return till they are in a sort compelled to do it. Balaam would have gone on to accomplish his wicked intentions, if he had not been prevented by an angel from heaven, with a drawn sword in his hand. So sinners seldom think of returning till their way is hemmed in, in such manner that they can proceed no farther. You know how it fared with the unhappy prodigal. All vice in general is impoverishing, and tends to ruin. If evil is not prevented, yet we have great reason to be thankful that wicked men and seducers are frequently prevented from accomplishing the whole of what they designed. We rejoice because the Lord reigneth.

In many instances, the animal creation are more sagacious than the intelligent. They act with more uniformity and consistency; and if they are not, properly speaking, capable of virtue, so, on the other hand, they are incapable of vice. They answer the end of their make; and we have every reason to believe that there is nothing made in vain. Nor do I know that we have any reason to think, that, if the world was to be new-created, it could be mended, all things considered. I'm sensible we are always complaining, and are apt to think it would be an easy matter to mend the works of

God ; but, if all things were left to the disposal of vain and conceited mortals, we have every reason to believe that irremediable wretchedness would be the consequence.

Upon the words now read (see text), we have made some observations which I trust may be of some use to such as wish to pass through life agreeably, and finish it with hope. Without repeating any thing that has been said, we shall go on to make some further inferences and reflections, which I hope may be useful.

In the next place, we learn that cruelty to the animal creation is a heinous crime. Balaam was unjustly angry with his beast. As it had been always tractable, and had never before behaved ill, prudence would have directed him whether there might not be some extraordinary reason for this extraordinary conduct, and have weighed the matter well before he proceeded to extremities. If he had been wont to conduct in this manner, the master would not have been so much to blame for using some severity. Some beasts are of such an unruly make that they are apt to be ungovernable, and beating may be sometimes necessary to bring them into subjection. And they are so formed that they may be subdued in this way when they cannot be in any other. But, surely, all unnecessary pain or cruelty ought to be avoided. But, according to his own confession, his beast had never before behaved ill. It was madness in the prophet, then, to suffer himself to be hurried away by the violence of passion to do such things as are not convenient.

As cruelty to the animal creation is a subject seldom handled, especially in the pulpit, and seldom attended to with that attention that it ought to be ; as it is a very heinous sin, and what we must expect, sooner or later, will meet with condign punishment ; and as my text naturally leads us to spend some thoughts upon it, — so, I trust, a few observations will be neither displeasing nor unprofitable.

Man, by his Maker, is made lord of this lower creation. The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea, are made for his use and benefit. To the animal creation, he is greatly indebted, under Providence, for his support and

comfort in life. Strip the world of living creatures, and but few of the human kind could subsist; and those few would be deprived of many comforts they now enjoy.

They all wait in God, who is the Parent of all; and he provides their meat in season, and frequently without the care and labor of man. It is true, for domestic animals some provision he is obliged to make. It cannot be expected, that, while they are held in our employ, they should be able to seek and procure their own food. But then such animals richly pay the expense of their provision, first with their labor, and then with their lives. Many creatures live and die for man. How ungrateful, then, must he be, if he abuses them by acts of barbarity and cruelty!

These creatures in general have quick and tender feelings; perhaps as quick and keen a sense of pain as any of human species, except that kind which, of all others, is the greatest, — arising from reflection. They are not troubled with remorse; nor do they appear to anticipate evils at a distance. If not abused, they always enjoy the present moment. In this respect, their lot is more happy than ours. We are capable of creating evils; and perhaps those of the imaginary kind are as great or greater than such as are real, and in many not less numerous. And such is our unhappiness, that, the fewer real evils we have to bear, the more distressed we often are with those that are imaginary. The mind must be always employed; and, if we have nothing good and useful to take up our attention, it is more than probable that our thoughts and reflections will be greatly distressing. For this reason, the idle and dissipated are never happy. Heaven has ordained that an ill-spent life shall be wretched. There may be, indeed, the appearance of enjoyment; but follow such persons into retirement, mark their end, and you will generally find them miserable. The animal creation are not afflicted in this way. Instinct does not lead them wrong; they have nothing to repent of, nor any thing to fear in consequence of wickedness. But, as to many other pains, I know not but that their sensations are as quick and exquisite as those of human kind. They are capable of suffering in innumerable ways; and,

though they cannot complain, as Balaam's ass did, with man's voice, yet their sufferings are so great that they frequently show evident marks of distress. They cry for help with such evident signs of cruelty, that the heart must be hard indeed that has no feeling for them. Yet it is strange how little many people regard their sufferings. Many seem to value themselves upon their unfeeling make, and the pleasure they take in tormenting the brutal creation. They despise those who have tender feelings, and cannot behold unreasonable severity and torment without discovering marks of uneasiness. To prevent suffering in the animal creation may be as impracticable as to make the human kind completely happy in the present stage of their existence; but, by a little attention, a great part of it might be prevented. Many of their pains, and some of the greatest, arise from inattention, inconsideration, or wantonness. Passion, anger, and wrath take away sensibility. Many do that in a fit of passion for which their hearts condemn them when passion subsides. If Balaam had not been unreasonably angry, his innocent beast had not suffered in the manner he did. The writhings of some poor animals in distress afford pleasure to the eyes, their cries and bellowings to the ears, of many of the human race, more savage than the bestial tribe, — more savage, I say; for it does not appear that beasts take pleasure in torturing each other. Most of them show signs of compassion to the distressed. Hunger may lead them to devour, but not to torment. It is man, cruel man, that delights in torturing. I thank God this disposition is not universal! If it was, the human kind ought to be called by some other name.

I will now place before you some reasons or motives against cruelty to the inferior orders of beings.

In the first place, their weakness or incapacity of pleading their own cause, or doing themselves justice, ought to prevent our using them ill. We reprobate the tyrant possessed of absolute power who uses it in distressing those who have no power of resistance; who can sport himself with the miseries of his people, and hear their complaints without pity. We believe, that, if there is justice in heaven, such unfeeling crea-

tures will one day feel what they justly deserve. We are sometimes grieved that the patience of Heaven should continue so long with them; that the cries of the afflicted should remain unheard. And how much less odious and cruel is he who tortures such creatures as he has in his power, merely to gratify his cruel disposition, or is wholly inattentive to their complaints! Will not beings above us suppose that such are equally deserving of punishment? That same spirit that leads to acts of cruelty to inferior animals would equally distress the human kind, if there was nothing to be feared. They well know that men will seek revenge; and it may be in their power to take it, notwithstanding any attempt of theirs to guard against it. Man is in some degree in the power of man; and this makes him stand in awe. We cannot stand against their rage and wrath justly excited. We condemn the mother that neglects or abuses her infant; and why not the person that abuses the harmless animal that can make no resistance?

If the animal creation had the speech or the voice of man, how numerous, suppose ye, would be their complaints? If their wrongs could be redressed in a judicial way, what an infinity of pleadings would take place! How many thousands must be continually employed in redressing grievances and punishing offences! And, if all crimes of this sort were to be recorded, how soon would the world be unable to contain the books that would be written! A good man is careful not to abuse any power that is committed to him. He knows that he is accountable. It might be of service to us to consider, when tempted to abuse our beasts, that, if the Lord should open the mouths of the dumb, how we should be able to answer them. The merciful man regardeth not only the life, but the comfort, of his beast. And, let men think what they may, such as show no mercy in this way shall one day find to their sorrow that it would have been better for them to have been beasts than men.

In the second place, our own interest of advantage, if duly considered, would lead us to use them well. This has influence with many, towards domestic animals, who have no com-

passion towards others, nor towards the human kind. Most kinds of animals richly pay for the pains and care that is taken of them by the humane master. The expectations of many are often unreasonable. Impossibilities are demanded, and then cruelty is exercised for non-performance. Such creatures in human shape as habitually act this part commonly suffer for the wrong they have done.

Once more : tenderness and compassion to inferior creatures depend much on education. Children may be learnt to torture them without the least reluctance, or to take pleasure in so doing. They will also imitate those above them : they have no sense of the wrong that is done. By allowed and frequent acts of cruelty, their tender feelings may be all obliterated ; their hearts may be hardened ; and they may suffer for it all their days. A person of an unfeeling mind is not well calculated to live in such a world as this : instead of the blessing, he may expect the curses, of many souls ready to perish will come upon him. I hardly know of any thing that makes a person more odious than a total want of sympathy towards the afflicted. It is a pity that children and youth should be hardened while they have little or no understanding. It is by no means certain, that, when they come to years of discretion, they will discover a different spirit. Let children, as much as possible, be kept from the sight of blood and scenes of cruelty and distress, and be early made to know that silent and uncomplaining animals can feel, as well as themselves ; that to give unnecessary pain is a crime.

Sensibility, cultivated in early life, will continue with us as long as we live. This is truly ornamental to the Christian. An unfeeling Christian is a contradiction.

Once more : we have no evidence but that the animal creation may exist in some future state. From analogy, we have reason to expect it. They may be in such a state as shall enable them to become accusers of all those who have used them ill. Though they cannot speak a language that we can understand at present, yet they may be enabled to do it hereafter. He that gave speech to Balaam's ass may give speech to them. They may recollect all they have suffered, and implore pun-

ishment. I do not say that these things will come to pass ; but we cannot prove the contrary ; and wise, great, and good men have supposed them probable. For if there is any thing in the argument taken from the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in the present state, with regard to men, in favor of a future state, the argument holds equally good with respect to many creatures beneath us. They have little else but misery to endure, the little time they live ; and, after suffering innumerable hardships and cruelties from man, they die a miserable death. If this is all they ever can enjoy, what is said of Judas, with great propriety may be said of many of them : "It were good for them not to have been born." What Judas suffered he justly deserved ; the beasts have not merited what they endure. It may be questioned whether the Divine Being ever brought a creature into existence, capable of enduring exquisite pain, and condemned that creature to continual torment, without any fault of its own. To suppose that he has done it, and is constantly doing it, hardly coincides, I must confess, with my notions of divine goodness. If beasts should be allowed to become accusers, how many will be condemned for wanton cruelty is not for me to say. But, surely, many have reason to tremble. A black catalogue of crimes, little noticed now, will be brought to light. Let the unmerciful and cruel tremble ; let all learn to treat their inferiors well, of what rank or nature soever they may be. He is no Christian that allows himself in the exercise of cruelty to them. He deserves not the name of man ; he is inhuman.

Many other things might be mentioned ; but I forbear. If any mock and scoff at these things at present, let them consider that the time may come when they may be sorry for what they have done. A good-natured man, if he is no Christian, will never do it. Such as do must be left to suffer what they justly deserve at the hands of Him who never made living creatures for man to abuse with impunity. Good men are always ready to show tenderness and compassion. What measure they mete shall be measured to them again.

JAN. 17, 1791.

REEVES HILL.*

REEVES' graded terrace, green and high!
Earth reaches up to kiss the sky.
Oh! what a banquet for the eye
Uplifted thus to view
The landscapes stretching dreamily
To sleeping shores of blue!

Imprisoned in the meadows green,
The listless river-flow is seen,
Recoiling with a silver sheen,
Far up the gentle slope!
And mountains, of a range serene,
Blue-purple banks heave up!

Thus looking down on earth, how fair
Its hills of difficulty are!
Its fields of toil, and homes of care,
And its cloud-shadows, seem,
Poised in the blue, cerulean air,
As fleeting as a dream!

The lowlands limit with a wall,
Whose narrow bounds are all in all,
Petty pursuits and passions small
And prejudices blind;
But, when we climb, the scales may fall,
And light break on the mind.

Ascending to a higher grade,
Where skies and earth are both surveyed,
Our solemn vows shall here be paid
With hearts of heavenly love!
Up to the hills we look for aid,
And seek a home above!

R. F. F.

* In Wayland, Mass.

THE LOVE OF THE PARDONED SINNER FOR GOD.

Who can tell how deep and sweet and tender this love is, and of what exceeding fidelities it is the spring? Doubtless we can and do love the God who is the Creator and Sustainer of the natural world,—the world of which we are made the high priests. Our hearts are drawn out in gratitude towards the everlasting Father, Maker of heaven and earth. Thoughts of praise are called forth from our souls, as we look upon the humblest plant, and watch the beautiful unfolding of the leaf and bud. Doubtless we can and do love the God “whose wisdom moveth from one end of the universe to the other, and sweetly ordereth all things;” whose hand is to be traced in the wonderful life of man, as the historian marks the course of its mighty tides, as each one of us discerns the Ever-near and the Ever-gracious. And yet, as we sadly know, in the midst of wonders and providences, and even whilst he is laden with gifts, the child of God too often feels no tender personal love for the dear Father in heaven. He cannot enter into the experience of the saints, who pour out their thanksgivings, and weep tears of joy, as they think of the Lord’s goodness. The explanation is, that there is a kindness and love of God, our Saviour, which he has yet to feel. It comes to those whose sins are forgiven for his great mercy’s sake in Christ Jesus. Christ said of the woman who had been a sinner, and who needed not an argument upon the atoning sacrifice, or any course of penance, but simply to look upon the Lord, to know that she was forgiven, “She loved much; but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little.” Our sins are so overruled by a wise and loving God, that they are made the occasions of wonderful growth in the most sweet grace of love.

It may be so, thank God, if our offences are very great, and cry to heaven against us. Here we may find in part the solution of the mystery of the divine permission of sin. We have asked, perhaps, why, when the Father is so careful and watchful of some, compassing their path and their lying-

down, and making grievous transgressions morally impossible for them, he leaves others to battle with strong, fierce, almost uncontrollable passions; or, in the midst of most unpropitious circumstances, tempted to the very verge, at least, of their ability? We may ask, how shall such, when they come to themselves and to sad thoughts of past wickedness, ever gain peace, and recover the ground which has been lost? Must they not always lag behind many of their fellows in the race? must they not be a prey to shameful and afflicting memories? How can they forgive themselves, though they have been forgiven of God? The relief is to be found, the answer is given, in the deep love of thankfulness which is awakened in the penitent heart, — a love strong and tender in proportion to the greatness of the debt which has been remitted. "Whether of the twain will love him most? He to whom he forgave the most," was the answer; and the Christ said, "Thou hast rightly judged." If only the sinner can feel, looking in the face of Christ, that the sins which have been committed are in very deed forgiven, — and he will not so feel until his heart has been changed into a heart of love and tenderness, — he will be made rich in the very might which alone is able to create a new life; a life that shall so outgrow the old sinfulness as to leave scarcely a trace of it, scarcely so much as the faintest scar. It is possible to grow a year's growth in a few days of crowded being. Sometimes it is with the heart, as if a great weight had been lifted from it; and it springs up in noblest aspirations, and flows out in the richest abundance. It does not meet their condition to comfort those who have fallen into great sins, and are beginning to repent, by excusing their transgressions. They know, that, unfortunate as they may have been, they are also sinful, deeply sinful: nevertheless, we shall presently see that God has provided great things for them also; that they will never be satisfied with acknowledging the great love with which he loved them whilst they were dead in trespasses or sins; and that their new obedience will correspond in its measures and proportions to the enormities of the former unrighteousness. So those who are called good, but are often only good because they are in every

way shielded, and are sometimes very cold in their goodness, and are rather conspicuously decent than eminently righteous, shall find at their side some, who, at one time, seemed to be hopelessly behind them in the road towards heaven: nay, will not the words of the Master find fulfilment in more than one instance, — “The publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of God before you”? This, not for the comfort of sinners who are continuing in sin (the words will not signify much to them in any wise), but lest any should be tempted to think that God is a respecter of persons, in appointing, for a time, those moral inequalities which are really more staggering to our faith than the varying measures of his outward bounties. The new love resolves the mystery. The new love brings us all to the same level, — as, in the marvellous harvesting of the bread in the wilderness, “he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack.”

But are there no sinners save those who have fallen into grave outward offences? Is it not possible for all of us to love God as they love to whom much hath been forgiven? Most certainly; if we will only examine ourselves so carefully, and question our souls in the light of God’s word so earnestly and faithfully, that we shall come to realize how gentle and forgiving and patient God is with us all the time, and how continually he bears with our short-comings and our foolishness, our many professions and slender performances. God has forgiven so much to the very best of us! What earthly sovereign would men think to treat as they treat the great God? Perhaps we say, that we are not conscious of doing wrong; but should we not be conscious, if we were more conscientious, if we really made a conscience of every thing, and judged ourselves, as God will one day judge us, for our idle words? We fall into a careless way of concluding, that a certain amount of transgression is almost a matter of course, and is to be pardoned as a matter of course; and we forget that One, He who asks obedience of us, is grieved by every offence, and hath abundant cause to be displeased with us. We do owe him, every one of us, a great debt; and we have nothing to pay. We are not what he has a right to

expect us to be. We have cause to love him as a wayward child might love one of the most patient of fathers, one of the most tender of mothers. Now, this love will be very personal: it will seek God by that way through which he has been pleased to come to us, incarnating his love in a life, uttering his love by the most gentle of lips. God in Christ reconciles the world unto himself, because we learn through this mediation how great is our debt, and how inexhaustible the compassions of Him who remits it. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous (that is, those who think themselves righteous), but sinners to repentance. Now, if any say, we have no sin, they deceive themselves. If any say, we need not the pardoning love of God, they deceive themselves; and so the way is open for all to enter into the most tender and personal relations with the Father of the spirits of all flesh. This is the love which passeth knowledge, — God's love for us, our love for God. This is eminently the love of the Christian for the Father of his Lord, because, although natural religion has its sense of sin, it is only under the gospel that we gain that persuasion of the infinite compassion of God, which stirs the heart from its depths, and bears us heavenward upon a wave of grateful and tender emotion. So the wise Lord makes our very offences means of binding us more closely to himself. Herein perceive we the love of Christ, and the love of Him who loved us in Christ, and is patient with us every day, as no one of us would think of being patient with any earthly friend: nay, we should turn away utterly from our earthly friends, if they tried us as we try the gracious Father. We need not sin, in order to learn the lesson of love; but, having sinned, we are without excuse, if we are not brought in our repentance to the feet of Him who hath power on earth to forgive sins.

E.

RANDOM READINGS.

RÉNAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

WE take great pleasure in placing before our readers some large extracts from an excellent review of "Rénan's Life of Jesus," by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness is admirably fitted, by his life-long study of the Gospels, to pass sentence upon the merits and demerits of this widely known book. He has just the familiarity with his theme, the special knowledge, which the French writer, otherwise learned, had not. Rénan, as his critic shows, makes upon us the impression of a man who has "got up" his subject, and not very thoroughly at that. Many a plain Bible-reader is better fitted to write about the Christ than he. E.

"That M. Rénan had only just come to believe that Jesus was a real person, when he undertook to write this life of him, is evident, we repeat, from the whole tenor of the work. Amidst the thick and bewildering mists of time and error, he unexpectedly comes in contact with what he had long supposed to be a phantom, and he finds it to be substantial flesh and blood. It is warm with life. It breathes. It moves. It speaks. Instead of falling prostrate, as another, with different preconceptions, might have done under like circumstances; instead of pausing, awe-struck and speechless at finding himself in the presence of the Founder of Christendom; instead of feeling slowly, reverently, and all in a tremble, after this majestic form, if haply he may discover the configuration thereof, — with the precipitate vivacity of his country, he instantly dashes off a sketch of it, as if he had been familiar with it for years; and his quick and brilliant fancy and abundant learning enable him, at small expense of time, to fill the sketch out. Suddenly coming in sight of Jesus, seeing him more, and hearing him speak, he treats him with the freedom of long acquaintance. He patronizes and applauds him and apologizes for him, from the lofty and illuminated height of the nineteenth century, looking graciously down upon him moving there in the dimness of that distant age.

"But sincere, animated, and magnetic as M. Rénan's faith is in the reality of Jesus, so long has he been accustomed to regard him as an abstract being of questionable existence, his is but an infant faith after all. It is very tender to the touch. It cannot bear the pressure of the most moderate tax. It cannot endure to be drawn upon with any

unusual force. It is not equal to the effort of acknowledging, save in the most indefinite terms, any very uncommon traits of greatness in Jesus. He sees with delighted surprise that there is a real human person there; but, to his eyes, 'the mists of a world without reality' still float around Jesus, and he is not at all prepared to trace any of the distinctive outlines of his figure, except so very lightly that they disappear under his hand. To keep him real, he must keep him far within the limits of the known and the familiar; for, the instant he approaches them, he begins to fade away. To keep him human, he must conceive of him and represent him as human, with a witness, the witness of many and palpable weaknesses."

"How wretchedly — we can use no milder word — does M. Rénan Frenchify what is recorded to have taken place in the house of Simon at Bethany! He represents the act of Mary, in pouring the precious ointment on the person of Jesus, not as a single-hearted expression of profound personal reverence, but as done for effect; to create feeling and admiration for Jesus in a community which had shown itself indifferent to him; in a word, to use a familiar American phrase, to make capital for him. And this tribute, M. Rénan says, was received by Jesus with pleasure. Why? Because, forsooth, 'he loved honors!' He! and because it confirmed his claim to the title, which he loved, of 'Son of David,' — a title occasionally applied to him, but which the Gospels breathe not a whisper of his ever having assumed.* In gratitude for this flattering attention, *un gage d'amour*, M. Rénan further says, that Jesus promised Mary an immortality of renown." — pp. 372-74.

"Now, from this account of the incident, who would ever dream of the interpretation which Jesus himself is recorded to have put upon the act of Mary? Who would know from any thing M. Rénan tells us, that Jesus, so far from thinking of personal honors, was reminded only of his death then impending, and that he accepted the fragrant ointment as an embalming? 'Against the day of my burial hath she kept this.' With all his liveliness of fancy, M. Rénan finds no touching allusion to his approaching death in the words of Jesus, 'The poor always ye have with you, but me ye have not always.' Neither does our author perceive that it was because he was struck with the coincidence of this act of Mary's with his own near death, that Jesus declared, that, wherever the story of his life should be told, this incident could not fail to be mentioned. Considering 'the economical habits of the place,' but not considering, that, as Jesus construed the act, the poorest person who might happen to come into possession of so precious a vase would be fully justified in keeping it for some special funeral occasion, M. Rénan agrees

* While M. Rénan here and elsewhere gives us the impression that Jesus was anxious to appropriate this title, he admits that Jesus never assumed it.

with Judas, that the use which Mary made of the costly unguent was a piece of downright extravagance. Disregarding the account which tells us that Mary first 'broke the box,' and then poured out the ointment, M. Rénan further tells us, that it was an ancient custom; but he gives no authority for it, except that he had himself seen it observed 'at Sour,' after the vase was emptied to break it in honor of the guest. Is it not more likely that Mary first broke the box, as the Gospels say, because the ointment required, for the preservation of its perfume, that the box or vase containing it should be so made or sealed that it could be opened only by being broken? The account is again disregarded by M. Rénan, when he says that Mary poured the ointment upon the feet of Jesus. The Gospels state that it was poured upon his head."

"The truth is, M. Rénan's faith, genuine as it is so far as it goes, goes but a very little way, hardly a hair's breadth beyond the bare fact that Jesus was a person who really had an existence. Beyond this fact, or rather around it, in M. Rénan's eyes, the haze of an unreal world still rests; and accordingly the details of the history, going to show us what manner of person Jesus was, take whatever shapes it pleases his fancy to give them. He has hardly any thing else to guide him but his fancy constantly excited by the quick and varied suggestions of his copious learning. The discovery of the topographical accuracy of the four Gospels, of 'the striking agreement of texts and places,' — a discovery which took him, he confesses, altogether by surprise, — compels him to accord them a certain historical character. But, whatever authority he concedes to them, his reliance on them gives way the instant they state any thing unusual, even though it be not beyond the known scope of humanity. He is continually either making assertions that have nothing in the history to sustain them, or he starts queries which not a syllable in the Gospels warrants him in suggesting, and which he is forced to answer for himself with *On l'ignore*." — pp. 239, 379.

"It can surprise no one therefore, it was the most natural thing in the world, it was inevitable, that he should treat the so-called supernatural relations of the Gospels precisely as he does. It was to be expected that he would not for a single moment entertain the thought of giving them a critical examination, in order to obtain through them, if he might, some glimpses of Jesus; our materials for reproducing the idea of whom are not so abundant that we can afford to dispense with a syllable that may possibly throw light upon him. It is no wonder that to M. Rénan the narrations of the miracles are nothing but a weariness (p. 259). Naturally enough, he has found it far easier to represent Jesus as colluding with ignorance and fraud, than to suppose those miraculous relations to contain the smallest portion of valuable fact."

"A work of great interest and of quite a positive character, and eminently tender and religious, called forth by M. Rénan's work, has also appeared, by Dr. Schenkel, of Heidelberg, '*Das Charakterbild Jesu*,' designed, as the author states, 'to meet the deep want of our time,' and present 'a genuinely human, really historical representation of the life-picture of Jesus.' •

"All these efforts must tend to good. Thus far, however, so little satisfaction has been attained in regard to the actual life of Jesus, that it is not infrequently said, that 'it was never meant' that we should have any clearer knowledge of him. But there need be no fear that we shall know him too distinctly. Let us at least know so much concerning him, that it shall no longer be possible for any one to doubt whether he ever existed. After all our study, that Divine Person will still be veiled in a mystery which no mortal eye can penetrate. Nevertheless, in the name of all that is dear to us, let us learn to know him as clearly as we may, that he may be formed in our inmost hearts, the Life of life, a glorious and everlasting hope. In no relation less intimate does he stand to Christendom and to the world."

THE CELEBRATION AT WESTON.

THE first day of February, 1865, was memorable in the annals of the Weston parish. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Field, who had given notice to his people that he would then retire from its more active duties. The good people of the parish made ample preparations that the meeting should be one worthy of the occasion, and grateful to the venerable pastor. Invitations had been extended to absent friends, and to the ministers of the neighboring churches, with whom Dr. Field was accustomed to exchange pulpits; and at twelve o'clock, on the appointed day, the church was filled. On the right of the pulpit was the date, "February, 1815," with a border of evergreen; and, on the left, the date, "February, 1865," with a border of rich and ripe autumn leaves. Behind the pulpit was a cross and stars, wrought also in evergreen. Dr. Hill, President of Harvard University, read selections from the Scriptures, made so appropriately that they seemed to speak to the heart as no human words could do. Dr. Allen, of Northborough, offered the introductory prayer. Dr. Field gave a discourse of about half an hour, stating briefly the prin-

ciples that had guided him in his long ministry, closing with a summary of its most important statistics. The following hymn, prepared for the occasion, was then sung by the choir: —

Father of mercies! in the radiant morning,
Thy youthful servant started on his way;
And prayers were breathed for light and grace adorning,
And that his strength be equal to his day.
And thou hast answered! Fifty years of blessing
Have fallen o'er us, gently as the rain;
Thy promised grace, thy heavenly peace possessing,
Here in thy house and in our homes again.
Father, we thank thee! through the fruitful meadows
Still lead the flock and pastor by thy hand;
And grant him, walking through the evening shadows,
Still brighter openings towards the Promised Land;
Till, passing on through earth's brief joys and trials,
Pastor and people join the immortal throng,
Who sweeter incense waft from golden vials,
And worship thee in their unending song.

This was followed by an address, which sketched the early history of the Church and parish, its connection with the neighboring churches, and especially with the First Church of Watertown. Rev. J. B. Wight offered the concluding prayer, which closed the exercises in the church.

The audience were then invited to the Town Hall, where a bountiful collation had been provided. The Hall was soon filled; and, after partaking of the generous hospitalities of the Weston parish, full scope was given to the outflowing of kindly and social feeling, and the indulgence of grateful memories. An exceedingly appropriate hymn, written and read by Rev. Mr. Sewall, was sung as an opening exercise. President Hill, Rev. Messrs. Livermore, Hinckley, and Sewall, and Drs. Allen and Ellis, made brief and pertinent addresses, touching in the heart many a grateful chord, and waking many pleasing reminiscences. In the course of these exercises, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, in which everybody joined, breathing into it the inspiration of the heart. So the afternoon passed away; but the occasion did not close with mere verbal expressions of good feeling. In the evening, a committee called upon the family of the pastor, and left them *eight hundred dollars* as a substantial token of their affection and good-will.

The history of the Weston Church is specially interesting. Weston and Waltham were primarily included within the limits of Watertown. The Watertown Church was the first Church in Massachusetts which grounded itself firmly, from the beginning, on the principles of Congregationalism, and maintained the large and liberal principles of an unsectarian Christianity. Sir Richard Saltonstall was the leader of the Watertown colony, — a kindred spirit of John Robinson ; and Rev. George Phillips was the first minister, and asserted the rights of conscience and religious liberty, in opposition to their bigoted neighbors. Theirs was the mother Church, and the Waltham and Weston churches were her daughters, and imbibed her liberal spirit. The Weston Church was organized in 1709, and its first minister ordained in that year. This was a hundred and fifty-four years ago. In this whole period, it has had but four ministers : Rev. William Williams ; Rev. Samuel Woodward, ordained in 1751 ; Rev. Samuel Kendall, D.D., ordained in 1783 ; and Rev. Joseph Field, D.D., ordained in 1815. Such a record is almost, if not entirely, unprecedented in our ecclesiastical annals, — the united pastorate of four ministers covering a period of more than a century and a half. The history runs through a line of able and devoted ministers ; and long may the Weston Church preserve the spirit of those good men, and may the beautiful mantle of their ascended or living prophets always rest upon them !

S.

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES, AS COLLECTED IN 1864.

THESE occupy sixty-four pages of the "Congregational Quarterly" for January, 1865. They give the number of ministers, churches, additions, deaths, dismissals, excommunications, baptisms, Sunday-school pupils, and charitable contributions throughout the denomination, in all the Northern, Western, and Middle States ; in the Territories, in Canada, and the West Indies, — a work of immense labor, performed by a labor-loving and pains-taking man, Rev. A. H. Quint, of New Bedford. We have cast our eye over it, not merely in admiration of his industry and faithfulness, but with surprise at some results it has enabled us to reach. The number of new church-members made in the year ending May 1, 1864, deduct-

ing the deaths and excommunications, gives a net gain of less than one member, and one-third of a member to each of the 2,863 churches. The number of adult baptisms gives only one and one-half person to each Church. The number of infant baptisms has no greater proportion. Do not these facts suggest, for consideration at the proposed National Council of the Congregational Churches, to be held next June, in Boston, the question, whether a ritual service should be made the test of church-membership, — a ritual service, which, in the existing ecclesiastical arrangements, is evidently fast declining in public regard, but which might become a more general and hearty observance, were it not injuriously thrust forward as a dividing line between so-called saints and sinners? We have noticed another thing: the large number of ministers not in regular pastoral work. They amount to 753 out of 2,719, — more than one-fourth part. In Massachusetts, they are 205 in a whole number of 423, — nearly one-half. This includes, it is true, superannuated ministers, professors, teachers, and secretaries of benevolent organizations; but, after all, the proportion is so large as to beget the suspicion, that the tendency, both to an unsettled ministry and an irregular employment, is greatly on the increase. We think this is the fact in other denominations. We believe there is no body of men in the world more laborious, single-minded, and useful than the Orthodox clergy of America. When not agreeing with their doctrinal statements, we honor an utterance which is not "yea and nay," but which "in Jesus Christ is yea and amen."

M.

RETALIATION.

It is the Christian duty of every man to forgive his private wrongs, and refrain from personal retaliation. It would be his duty, even if the Master had not enjoined it, because he is under the protection of law and government: not he holds the balances and the sword of justice. But when he undertakes to forgive the enemies of others, and especially the matricides who are stabbing at the life of the country, the great mother of us all, he is acting out of his sphere. And yet floods of this cheap pseudo-charity begin to be poured out. Our greatest danger now is, that the

traitors will be received back, their hands red with the blood of our fathers and brothers, to exploit their perjuries and work their devilish schemes anew. If the rebel commissioners had accepted Mr. Lincoln's "amnesty," what under heaven would have prevented them from re-organizing the old democratic party, taking possession of all the slave-state governments, defeating the new constitutional amendment, and remanding the slaves to their ancient bondage? This, we have no doubt, was in the wind.

So about retaliation, — this mawkish and bastard charity has cost us thousands of precious lives. No one that we know of has ever advocated retaliation *in kind*. But if, while our brothers were being starved or frozen in Southern pens and prisons, or inhumanly mangled and butchered, every rebel officer in our keeping had been put to hard labor, with the chains on their limbs and the whips held over them with which they used to torture their slaves, we have not a doubt that Union prisoners would very soon have had full rations and decent shelter, and this horrible inhumanity have straightway ceased. Retaliation! We seem to forget that the life of every one of these traitors is forfeit by the laws of the land; and that the men in our state-prisons, who are put to hard labor, are innocent compared with them. Let a man forgive his own enemies, and love them to distraction, if he will; but when he talks of forgiving the enemies of the State, while yet they are stabbing at its bosom, we hold it not humanity, but the direst cruelty. The people, the masses, who have been misled, ought to be regarded with commiseration as more sinned against than sinning. But the leaders, who have wrought this great ruin, and fixed a blot on the civilization of the age, which all the rains of the sweet heavens cannot wash out, and turned every household of the country to a place of mourning, should bide the even and majestic course of violated justice. If not, then let us open all the state-prisons, and release their inmates as wronged and persecuted men.

s.

MAN was created of, for, and in *Paradise*; of, for, and in, the *love of God*; but if he bring himself into anger, which is a poisonous pain and death, then that contrary paradisaical life of *love* is a pain and torment to him. — *Behmen*.

GOD WILL GUARD HIS TRUTH.

IN these days of universal upturning, when things temporal and things spiritual are searched to their very foundations, and nothing is too sacred to be subjected to the keenest scrutiny, the question naturally arises, What will be left to us, and where will these things end? "The axe is" indeed "laid unto the root of the trees," even those dear old trees, whose fruits have been so precious to us, and "whose" very "leaves were for the healing of the nations." Many of us who had reached the meridian of life in comparative tranquillity, under the shadow of the conservative school, entered on this new order of things with many fears. Undoubtedly there were tares among the wheat. We ourselves had cast away much, that, by our Puritan fathers, was considered the bread of life; but the scrutiny of the present age is so much more rigid and daring, that we could hardly be expected to watch its progress without fears for the result. The first thought of the anxious, religious mother was, "What will be the effect on my children of hearing these things questioned, perhaps stigmatized as "old wives' fables," which have always been taught them in all sincerity as sacred truths? Who will lay the doubts thus raised? or, even supposing that some minor points must be surrendered, to their indiscriminating minds will not the questioning of a part prove the destruction of the whole?"

So we reasoned, and so we feared. Yet God works on in his own way; and it seems now as vain to attempt to stay the tide of theological inquiry, or to keep our children ignorant of its progress, as was the effort to avert the great contest in which our nation is now engaged. God is leading our country, "by a way we know not of," and one which we should least have chosen, from twofold slavery to perfect freedom. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes;" and shall we not trust him to guard the interests of that "pure and undefiled religion," which his most holy Son lived and died to establish? Surely he will guard his own; and nothing truly beneficial to mankind will be ultimately lost, though for a time it may seem to be imperilled.

In the mean time, perhaps, our conservatism may be purged from bigotry and dogmatism, and quickened into a truer life by its contact with radicalism; and as in other things, so in theology, by close proximity and free conversation, we shall find on both

sides that the difference is not so wide as at first sight appears. Many of the radicals have come out from the school of the rigid Orthodox, so called, and, not fully comprehending our position as Unitarians, insist on certain doctrines as new, which we have always held. Then, again, terms are used in a sense somewhat differing from the popular one; and in this way new and questionable doctrines sometimes seem to be set forth from the pulpit, which, when discussed familiarly, lose their objectionable aspect.

It is true that there is in some individuals of the new school a degree of flippancy which seems to delight in shocking the devout hearer by its jeering manner of treating subjects generally regarded as sacred; but these, we believe, are exceptions; and we have found in others an earnest reverence of spirit, and a loftiness of purpose, even in their questionings, which won our admiration, and gave evidence of an abundant and a living faith. We shall always be the happier and the richer for hours of free communion with one or two choice spirits of this school.

Let us hold fast our confidence in the happy issue of all these tumults! "The Lord reigneth" still; and we can trust the wisdom that is higher than ours, and the love that never faileth. †

LITERARY NOTICES.

Christ and His Salvation. In sermons variously related thereto. By HORACE BUSHNELL. Third edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street. 1865.

Dr. Bushnell understands the age he lives in. He knows how to enter into the difficulties of thoughtful persons, who, with all their thinking, would not lose faith in God and Christ, in providence and immortality; and he has a singular power of lifting the wheels of his fine chariot out of the old ruts. He does not deal in platitudes, or astonish, whilst he wearies us, with what Carlyle calls the "parish pump faculty." The "Orthodox" say that he is not sound; but we most fervently wish that everybody were as sound. We wish the "Orthodox" might hear some of the statements with which the liberal folk, who are in the way of hearing every thing, are favored; and they would fall back upon their eloquent,

if somewhat unsystematic and erratic divine, with an exceeding contentment. In these days of naturalism, he plainly believes in a supernatural order; that God comes to us in his sovereign grace, and does not wait for us to be developed, nobody can tell how, up to him. The sermons are thoughtful, vigorous, well-put, pungent, and unto edification. We are rejoiced to see that they have already reached a third edition, and we should be glad to know that the editions were large. E.

Apologia pro Vita Sua. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. Newman, it will be remembered, is one of the Tractarians who went over to Rome. He tried to find *viam mediam*, and couldn't. He hated Liberalism; he craved a positive dogmatic faith, a visible authoritative Church; he tried to find it outside of Rome, and failed. He writes this book, not so much to defend his beliefs as his honesty. It is a relation of personal history and experience. So far as we have read, he succeeds perfectly. He reveals early predilections towards Catholicism; and he renders it entirely credible, that an honest man, with his proclivities, should be a convert to Rome. That there is any *via media* between Romanism and Liberalism, would be quite as difficult a thing to make out logically as the validity of the seven sacraments and the papal supremacy; and, if any one wishes to know the process whereby a man of ripe scholarship, pure tastes, strong intellectual grasp, and honesty of purpose, educated a Protestant, and knowing all its methods and reasonings, can still be a thorough convert to Romanism, let him read the "*Apologia pro Vita Sua.*" S.

The Young Crusoe; or, Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy. A story for boys, by Dr. HARLEY. Illustrated. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — The adventures are wild and perilous, as much so as those of the original Robinson himself. We take it they are imaginary; but the boys read them with big eyes and lively interest. S.

History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, in three volumes. Vol. 3. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1864.

Those who have the first and second volumes of this admirable history, will, of course, supply themselves with the third; and those who are not so fortunate as to have read the two earlier portions will do well to secure the three. Dr. Palfrey writes from a

mind which has been conscientiously and successfully furnished for his work. Fortified with documents that have only come to hand in these last years, and skilful to shake off from them the dust that would make them unwelcome, he has given us not only a trustworthy chronicle, but an attractive history of lands and times, which, humble as they may look outwardly, are none the less deeply significant for every thoughtful student of our human life.

Dr. Palfrey's narrative is clear, concise, nervous, flowing: better than some who have sought to describe what are usually reckoned greater matters, he avoids diffuseness and repetition, and will not easily be removed from his place as the best recorder of *nostrarum rerum cunabula*. Why should he write a word about increasing years, or hint at any conclusion of his labors, before his task shall have been finished?

E.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN, & Co. have set forth a comely edition of Gray's Poetry, with a pleasant Memoir prefixed. — "Slave Boys," by Mayne Reid, comes from TICKNOR & FIELDS, and finds interested readers amongst those who are not bondmen.

Our Young Folks comes promptly, and rich in matters which are adapted to our smaller people.

E.

PAMPHLETS.

WE owe our thanks to authors and publishers for very interesting sermons. We intended to have noticed in juxtaposition a Discourse, by Rev. Dr. GANNETT, at the installation of Rev. A. P. Putnam, as pastor of the Church of the Saviour, at Brooklyn, and a Christmas Discourse by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM. They are widely different; but the matter is too large for us now, and we must content ourselves with the expression of our hearty concurrence in the general drift of the Brooklyn sermon, and of our earnest dissent from the doctrine of Mr. Frothingham's discourse, though we find much to admire in its pure and elevated moral and spiritual tone.

WEEKLY EXCHANGES.

The New-York Post, for the vigor and clearness of its editorials and their fulness of information on all topics of living interest, can hardly be surpassed. All subjects connected with the war

are handled with great ability and earnest patriotism; and the historic view of events and the criticism of current literature are of the highest value.

The Christian Register represents both wings of the Unitarian body, with an evident veering towards the left. Its catholic spirit is delightful, and the well-sustained ability with which it is conducted has earned for it three times its present patronage. It ought to have, at least, ten thousand subscribers, and its popular department very much enlarged, — we mean, by the popular department, reading for minds that crave spiritual food; not merely denominational, but that which goes farther towards the deeps of the religious experience. The "Register" is republishing some excellent tracts to circulate among the soldiers of the Union army.

Zion's Herald, we have taken pains to circulate after reading it, and have always found it thrice welcome among, we will not say a lower, but humbler class of readers, who do not speculate or theologize, and who do not wish to know Christ after the flesh, but only in the spirit. It has food for just such minds, among which it is read and re-read.

The New-Church Independent is an old friend with a new face. It is published at Laporte, Ind., and has the breadth and temper of the New Jerusalem with none of the narrowness or bitterness of Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism. The first number contains an excellent sermon to children from our brother Staples, of Milwaukee. If any of our readers will send a dollar, directed to the "New-Church Independent," Laporte, Ind., they will receive a semi-monthly messenger which sets forth in the best spirit some views of Spiritual Christianity which are both rational and beautiful.

s.

A late number of Littell's *Living Age* contains the narrative and report of commissioners appointed by the Sanitary Commission, of the privations and sufferings of United-States officers and soldiers while prisoners of war, in the hands of the rebel authorities. It has illustrative plates, and an appendix containing the testimony. It is full and authentic, and confirms the worst statements which have been made, touching the fiendish cruelty of the slavemongers, and the terrible sufferings of our brave and devoted men.

The Methodist is the best paper that comes to us amongst our exchanges.